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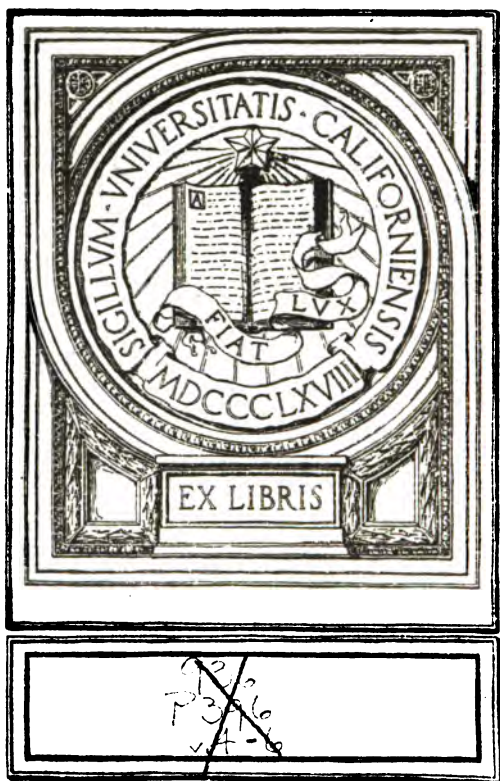
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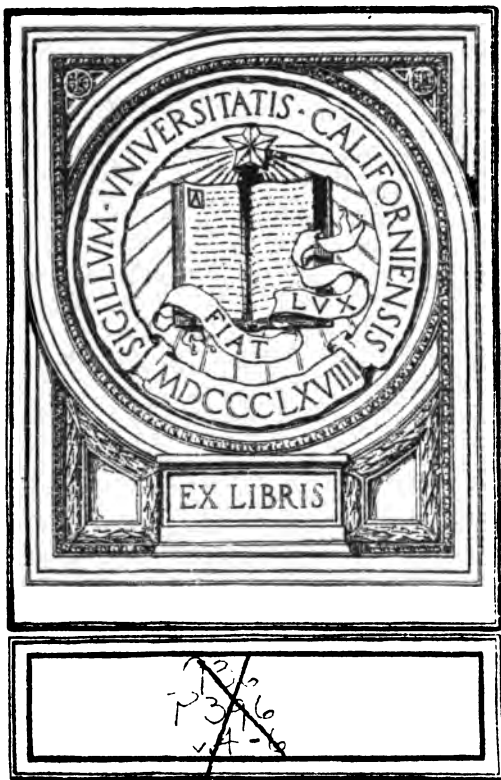
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Sir Charles Sedley
Lyrics

John Wilmot
(Earl of Rochester)
Poems and Songs



J. R. Tutin
Hull
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(First Series)

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Sir John Suckling
Ballads and other Poems

Sir Charles Sedley
Lyrics

John Wilmot
(Earl of Rochester)
Poems and Songs



J. R. Tutin
Hull
1906

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Sir John Suckling

(1609-1642)

"O Suckling, O gallant Sir John,
Thou gentleman poet, first plume of the ton;
Fresh painter of 'Weddings,' great author of rare
'Poet Sessions,' . . .
O facile princeps of 'wit about town.'"

—LEIGH HUNT.

Sir Charles Sedley

(1639?-1701)

"In his own sphere Sedley is unapproachable; such songs as
'Love still has something of the sea' or 'Phyllis is my only joy'
easily outdistance all rivals."—A. H. BULLEN.

John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester

(1647-1680)

"I'm none of those who think themselves inspir'd,
Nor write with the vain hope to be admir'd,
But, from a rule I have (upon long trial),
To avoid with care all sort of self-denial,
Which way so'er desire and fancy lead,
Contemning fame, that path I boldly tread."

—Epistle to Lord Mulgrave.

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TO VINU
ABSOGLIAO



SIR JOHN SUCKLING
(1609-1642)

*From the Portrait by Russell, after Vandyke, in the
National Portrait Gallery*

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Preface

SIR JOHN SUCKLING, son of a knight of the same name, was born at Twickenham in February, 1608-9. AUBREY says of the father, who held various offices under the Crown, that he was but a dull fellow, and that the poet derived his wit from his mother. It is quite uncertain where he went to school, but in 1623 he entered Trinity College, Oxford, where he showed facility in learning languages and music. The elder Sir John died in 1627, and John took over his estates. Some travel abroad in 1628 was followed by a travelling of a more stirring kind in 1631, when he joined the Marquis of Hamilton's expedition, which sailed from Yarmouth, and took part in several battles and sieges, including that of Magdeburg. SUCKLING is said to have behaved well as a soldier, and spoke of himself as one in a poem of his.¹ He probably returned to England in 1633, and was soon in the swim and a leading figure at Court. His nimble tongue had many opportunities of exercise ; he was, SIR W. DAVENANT tells us, baited like a bull : "his repartee and witt being most sparkling when most set on and provok'd." Of the level of his table-talk we can conjecture from his letters and, still more, from his verses. There is no doubt that it was brilliant, and in a Court of taste and refinement like Charles I.'s it meant a social triumph. WINSTANLEY calls him "the darling of the Court."

As his poetry would suggest, SUCKLING was a great entertainer of the ladies, and never sent them away from his parties without costly gifts of silk stockings, jewelled garters, and gloves. But he had another and

¹ See p. 37.

ALPHONSO. Preface

a less attractive hobby, that of gaming, and is said to have been reputed the best bowler and cardplayer in the kingdom. As he himself confesses in his "Sessions of the Poets"—

"Suckling next was called, but did not appear,
But straight one whisper'd Apollo i' th' ear,
That of all men living he cared not for 't,
He loved not the Muses so well as his sport."

One day his poor sisters came to the Piccadilly bowling-green, "crying for the fear he should lose all their fortunes." To show his elasticity of spirit, we are told that, when at his lowest ebb, he would put on his most glorious apparel. It may be questioned, however, if all the tall stories told of his extremes of good and ill fortune are true. In a romancing age like the Caroline any prominent person soon acquired his legend, and SUCKLING'S large estates must have been a mainstay.

SUCKLING no doubt had many passing *affaires de cœur* ("Out upon it, I have loved Three whole days together"), but one courtship was serious, that of the daughter of SIR HENRY WILLOUGHBY, who was a great heiress. As a letter which recently came to light at Clifton Hall, Notts, clearly proves,¹ the king used his influence in pushing the match, but unfortunately the lady herself did not agree, like a loyal subject, to accept his Majesty's favourite. To this passive resistance she added active, that is to say she asked another of her suitors to waylay SUCKLING and extort from him an engagement renouncing his attempts on her. This the suitor (DIGBY, a brother of SIR KENELM'S) did, with some allies, and poor SUCKLING received a sound drubbing. The affair caused great scandal, and, not having drawn sword, SUCKLING was accused of cowardice, and for some time was under a cloud socially. In 1637 came "The Sessions of the Poets," in which there is a good deal of hard hitting (sometimes in bad taste, as in DAVENANT'S case) and

¹ See *Daily Chronicle*, August 24th, 1905, and a note by the present writer, August 25th.

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acute criticism. I have already quoted the stanza in which he treats himself as severely as the others. In 1638 was produced *Aglaure*, said to be the first play acted with scenery, and *Brennoralt* the following year. SUCKLING'S part in the Scottish war may have lacked distinction, but SIR JOHN MENNIS'S celebrated ballad is obviously spiteful.

It would take too long to trace the political intrigues in which SUCKLING and the other "Staffordians" engaged to strengthen the King's power, and which compelled him, in order to escape a trial for high treason, to make a hurried departure for France. There are many stories of his life in exile—most of them probably false. One relates his having been in the clutches of the Spanish Inquisition. There are at least two accounts of his death : one that he was murdered by his valet putting a razor in his boot ; the second—unhappily, it seems, the true one—that he poisoned himself. His death occurred at Paris in May or June 1642.

The briefest and perhaps the most satisfactory criticism ever passed on him is that of Mistress Millamant in *The Way of the World*, "natural, easy Suckling." With a woman's intuition she at once perceives the two charms of his verse. When one thinks of the laboured love poetry, metaphysical and other, then being produced in great quantities, we may be thankful for "natural, easy Suckling," who had no affectation of simulating profundity by obscurity and crabbedness. Of course his poetry is superficial, but it shares that defect with beauty, which, we are always being told, is but skin-deep. But if he does not give us great thoughts, he always affords us entertainment, and a world without entertainment would be a dull place. He is singularly happy in the coinage of a phrase or a simile : it sticks in the memory :—

" Women enjoy'd (whate'er before t' have been)
Are like romances read or sights once seen."

" Love's a camelion that lives on mere air,
And surfeits when it comes to grosser fare."

Preface

"Thinking on thee, thy beauties then,
As sudden lights do sleeping men,
So they by their bright rays awake me."

"'Tis Expectation makes a blessing dear,
Heaven were not Heaven, if we knew what it were."

Though some great poets have had no ear for music—TENNYSON, I believe, was one—SUCKLING's musical gifts gave him an excellent mastery of rhythm; it were hard to find in him a single jarring line "out of tune and harsh." And then how wide his range of subject and treatment, how flexible his manner! Like Nanki-Poo in *The Mikado* he might have sung—

"My catalogue is long,
Through every passion ranging,
And to your humour changing
I tune my supple song."

The other two singers who contribute to this collection are, it must be said, somewhat monotonous both in subject and expression, though neither is lacking in wit and humour.

Let us now pass to one of these, SIR CHARLES SEDLEY, another of the seventeenth-century fine gentlemen who wrote with ease in the intervals between wenching, gaming, and drinking. He was born at Aylesford, Kent, about 1639, and went to Wadham College, Oxford, in 1655. After the Restoration he was elected (if the word can be used of what was probably a mere nomination) for New Romney. But he took little heed of senatorial dignity—such as it is—and his life was exactly like that of the other two poets of this volume, one of "wine, women, and song." We need not grumble: we may grant him the first two ingredients of his life, for we of to-day have the third for our delectation. SEDLEY, as is well known, was an actor in that scandalous scene at the Cock Tavern in Bow Street, in which some of the tipsy crew appeared on the balcony in a state of nature, and harangued the *ignobile vulgus* in the street below. That lark cost him a cool five hundred, and CHIEF-JUSTICE FOSTER improved the occasion by observing

Preface

that it was for SEDLEY "and such wicked rascals as he was that God's anger and judgment hung over us." Alas for poor SEDLEY! history records but few of his good deeds, which is a way with that uncharitable Muse. In PEPYS (Feb. 1669) we find the irate poet thrashing KYNASTON, an actor who had the impudence to mimic him in face, voice, and dress on the stage. He married a daughter of the EARL OF RIVERS, and his own daughter achieved the distinction of being the DUKE OF YORK'S favourite mistress. As his Royal Highness was said to prefer his wenches plain, this may not be saying much for the lady's beauty, but any how he made her COUNTESS OF DORCHESTER. SEDLEY'S sporting career came to an end in a place of sport; his skull was fractured by the fall of the tennis court in the Haymarket.

He was a true singer, only a singer of trifles, however; his happiest efforts were inspired by a young lady called PHILLIS—only fifteen years old, if we are to believe one of his songs—and "Phillis is my only joy," wedded to a charming tune, bids fair to be immortal. How racy too his advice to her in her pious days:—

" 'Tis early to begin to fear
The Devil at fifteen."

CHARLES II. is said to have told him that nature had given him a patent to be Apollo's viceroy. His Majesty's repute for never saying a foolish thing is somewhat impaired by this remark.

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER, has long been regarded as a sort of awful example in company with other notorious historical characters, like Blue Beard, Captain Kidd, Alexander the Sixth, and the late Mr Charles Peace. He has had a worse fate still: he has been used for purposes of edification and put into penny tracts to turn the erring from their sinful ways; for he rashly let himself be converted towards the end of his life, and thus spoiled a high reputation for consistency. I can only briefly trace his career. Born 1647, he was at Wadham, Oxford, thereafter travelled in France, smelt powder in the

Preface

attack on the Dutch fleet at Bergen, and returned to England to haunt the Court and alternately charm and infuriate the King. GRAMMONT records that at least once in each year he was sent packing, and, considering some unprintable epigrams on Charles, which no doubt reached their subject's ears, this is not surprising. He had a queer, mad life of it, always (when sober enough) in some outlandish escapade. Once he set up as a quack doctor with a booth on Tower Hill; at another—so ST. EVREMOND tells us—he and a bird of a feather, the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, took an inn on the Newmarket road, with a view to debauching all the women of the neighbourhood, a purpose which they are said to have achieved. He thought to repair his broken fortunes by a rich match, but the lady of his choice, ELIZABETH MALET, was not agreeable, so (in 1665) he waylaid her at Charing Cross, popped her into a coach, and was at Uxbridge before he was caught. This landed him in the Tower of London, but he was soon pardoned, and, curiously enough, married his victim a couple of years later. His known mistresses include ELIZABETH BARRY, whom he taught to act and put on the stage. His health broke down in 1679, and thenceforth he led a quieter life. There seems no doubt he was convinced of the error of his ways by BISHOP BURNETT. He had a fine lyric gift, and, though there is little enough sincerity in most of his love-songs, and he attains a cynical extreme in one in which he hails his mistress as worthy to serve all mankind, there is one poem, beginning "Why dost thou shade thy lovely face? O why," which suggests an almost passionate devotion. Had ROCHESTER criticised himself as acutely as he criticised others, in his satires, he might have been a better man. The only one of his long poems I have included is that on "Nothing," which is ingenious in its way.

WILLIAM G. HUTCHISON.

Sir John Suckling

Loving and Beloved

THERE never yet was honest Man
That ever drove the Trade of Love ;
It is impossible, nor can
Integrity our Ends promote ;
For Kings and Lovers are alike in this,
That their chief Art in Reign Dissembling is.

Here we are loved and there we love,
Good Nature now and Passion strive
Which of the two should be above,
And Laws unto the other give :
So we false Fire with Art sometimes discover,
And the true Fire with the same Art do cover.

What Rack can Fancy find so high ?
Here we must court and here engage ;
Though in the other Place we die,
Oh, 'tis Torture all, and Cosenage !
And which the harder is, I cannot tell,
To hide true Love, or make false Love look well.

Since it is thus, God of Desire,
Give me my Honesty again,
And take thy Brands back and thy Fire ;
I am weary of the state I am in :
Since (if the very best should now befall),
Love's Triumph must be Honour's Funeral.

Sir John Suckling

Sonnets

I

DOST see how unregarded now
That Piece of Beauty passes?
There was a Time when I did vow
To that alone ;
But mark the Fate of Faces ;
The Red and White works now no more on me,
Than if it could not charm, or I not see.

And yet the Face continues good,
And I have still Desires,
And still the self-same Flesh and Blood,
As apt to melt
And suffer from those Fires ;
O some kind Power unriddle where it lies—
Whether my Heart be faulty or her Eyes.

She every Day her Man does kill,
And I as often die ;
Neither her Power, then, nor my Will
Can question'd be ;
What is the mystery ?
Sure, Beauty's Empires, like to greater States,
Have certain Periods set, and hidden Fates.

II

Of thee, kind Boy, I ask no Red and White
To make up my Delight :
No odd becoming Graces,
Black Eyes or little Know-not-whats in Faces ;
Make me but mad enough, give me good Store
Of Love for her I court—
I ask no more,
'Tis Love in Love that makes the Sport.

Sir John Suckling

There's no such Thing as that we Beauty call
It is mere Cosenage all ;
For though some long ago
Like t' certain Colours mingled so and so,
That doth not tie me now from choosing new,
If I a Fancy take
To Black and Blue,
That Fancy doth it Beauty make.

'Tis not the Meat, but 'tis the Appetite
Makes Eating a Delight,
And if I like one Dish
More than another, that a Pheasant is ;
What in our Watches, that in us is found ;
So to the Height and Nick
We up be wound,
No matter by what Hand or Trick.

III

O, for some honest Lover's Ghost,
Some kind, unbodied Post
Sent from the Shades below !
I strangely long to know,
Whether the nobler chaplets wear
Those that their Mistress' scorn did bear,
Or those that were used kindly.

For whatsoe'er they tell us here
To make those sufferings dear
'Twill there, I fear, be found
That to the being crown'd,
To have loved alone will not suffice,
Unless we also have been wise,
And have our Loves enjoy'd.

What Posture can we think him in
That here, unloved again,
Departs and's thither gone,
Where each sits by his own ?

Sir John Suckling

Or how can that Elysium be
Where I my Mistress still must see
Circled in others' Arms ?

For there the Judges all are just,
And Sophonisba must
Be his whom she held dear,
Not his who loved her here.
The sweet Philoclea, since she died,
Lies by her Pirocles his side,
Not by Amphialus.

Some Bays, perchance, or Myrtle Bough,
For difference crowns the Brow
Of those kind souls that were
The noble Martyrs here ;
And if that be the only Odds,
(As who can Tell?) ye kinder Gods,
Give me the Woman here.

THERE never yet was Woman made,
Nor shall, but to be cursed,
And O ! that I, fond I, should first
Of any Lover
This Truth at my Own Charge to other Fools discover !

You that have promised to yourselves
Propriety in Love,
Know Women's Hearts like Straw do move ;
And what we call
Their Sympathy is but Love to get in general.

All Mankind are alike to them,
And though we Iron find
That never with a Loadstone joined,
'Tis not the Iron's Fault,
It is because near the Loadstone yet it was never
brought.

Sir John Suckling

If where a gentle Bee hath fallen,
And labour'd to his Power,
A new succeeds not to that Flow'r,
But passes by,
'Tis to be thought, the Gallant elsewhere loads his
Thigh.

For still the Flowers ready stand,
One buzzes round about,
One lights, one tastes, gets in, gets out ;
All always use them,
Till all their sweets are gone, and all again refuse them.

*Scire se liceret quæ debes subire
Et non subire, pulchrum est scire ;
Sed si subire debes quæ debes scire :
Quersum vis scire, nam debes subire ?*

IF Man might know
The Ill he must undergo,
And shun it so,
Then it were good to know :
But if he undergo it,
Though he know it,
What boots him know it ?
He must undergo it.

Against Fruition

STAY here, fond Youth, and ask no more, be wise :
Knowing too much long since lost Paradise.
The virtuous Joys thou hast, thou would'st should still
Last in their Pride ; and would'st not take it ill
If rudely from sweet Dreams (and for a Toy)
Thou wert awak'd ? He wakes himself that does
enjoy.

Sir John Suckling

Fruition adds no new Wealth, but destroys,
And, while it pleaseth much the Palate, cloy's ;
Who thinks he shall be happier for that
As reasonably might hope he might grow fat
By eating to a Surfeit ; this once past,
What relishes ? even Kisses lose their Taste.

Urge not 'tis necessary, alas ! we know
The homeliest Thing which Mankind does is so ;
The World is of a vast Extent, we see,
And must be peopled ; children there must be ;
So must Bread too ; but since there are enough
Born to the Drudgery, what need we plough ?

Women enjoy'd (whate'er before t' have been)
Are like Romances read, or Sight's once seen ;
Fruition's dull, and spoils the Play much more,
Than if one read or knew the Plot before ;
'Tis Expectation makes a Blessing dear,
Heaven were not Heaven if we knew what it were.

And as in Prospects we are there pleased most
Where something keeps the Eye from being lost,
And leaves us Room to guess ; so here Restraint
Holds up Delight that with Excess would faint.
They who know all the Wealth they have are poor,
He's only rich that cannot tell his Store.

Another of the Same, against Fruition

FIE upon Hearts that burn with mutual Fire :
I hate two Minds that breathe but one Desire :
Were I to curse th' unhallowed sort of Men,
I'd wish them to love and be lov'd again.
Love's a Camelion, that lives on mere Air ;
And surfeits when it comes to grosser Fare :

Sir John Suckling

'Tis petty Jealousies and little Fears,
Hopes join'd with Doubts, and Joys with April Tears,
That crowns our Love with Pleasures: these are
gone

When once we come to full fruition.

Like waking in a Morning when all Night
Our Fancy hath been fed with true Delight.

Oh! what a Stroke 'twould be! sure I should die,
Should I but hear my Mistress once say ay.

That Monster Expectation feeds too high

For any Woman e'er to satisfy:

And no brave Spirit ever cared for that

Which in down Beds with Ease he could come at;

She's but an honest Whore that yields, although

She be as cold as Ice, as pure as Snow:

He that enjoys her hath no more to say,

But keeps us fasting, if you'll have us pray.

Then, fairest Mistress, hold the Power you have

By still denying what we still do crave:

In keeping us in Hopes strange Things to see

That never were, nor are, nor e'er shall be.

LOVE, Reason, Hate did once bespeak
Three Mates to play at Barley-break.
Love Folly took, and Reason Fancy;
And Hate consorts with Pride; so dance they.
Love coupled last, and so it fell
That Love and Folly were in Hell.

They break, and Love would Reason meet,
But Hate was nimbler on her feet:
Fancy looks for Pride and whither
Hies, and they two hug together,
Yet this new coupling still doth tell
That Love and Folly were in Hell.

The rest do break again, and Pride
Hath now got Reason on her side;

Sir John Suckling

Hate and Fancy meet, and stand
Untouch'd by Love in Folly's hand :
Folly was dull, but Love ran well,
So Love and Folly were in Hell.

'TIS now since I sat down before
That foolish Fort a Heart,
(Time strangely spent) a Year and more,
And still I did my Part.

Made my Approaches, from her Hand,
Unto her Lip did rise,
And did already understand
The Language of her Eyes.

Proceeded on with no less Art,
My Tongue was Engineer ;
I thought to undermine the Heart
By whispering in the Ear.

When this did Nothing, I brought down
Great cannon-oaths, and shot
A thousand thousand to the Town,
And still it yielded not.

I then resolv'd to starve the Place
By cutting off all kisses,
Praying and gazing in her Face,
And all such little Blissess.

To draw her out, and from her Strength,
I drew all Batteries in,
And brought myself to lie at length
As if no siege had been.

When I had done what Man could do,
And thought the Place mine own,
The Enemy lay quiet too
And smiled at all was done.

Sir John Suckling

I sent to know from whence and where
These Hopes and this Relief?
A Spy inform'd, Honour was there
And did command in Chief.

March, march, quoth I, the Word straight give,
Let's lose no Time but leave her ;
That Grant upon Air will live,
And hold it out for ever.

To such a Place our Camp remove,
As will no Siege abide ;
I hate a Fool that starves her Love,
Only to feed her Pride.

Ballad on a Wedding

I TELL thee, Dick, where I have been,
Where I the rarest Things have seen,
O, Things without Compare !
Such Sights again cannot be found
In any Place on English Ground,
Be it at Wake or Fair.

At Charing Cross, hard by the Way
Where we (thou know'st) do sell our Hay
There is a House with Stairs ;
And there did I see coming down
Such Folk as are not in our Town,
Forty, at least, in Pairs.

Amongst the rest one pest'lent fine
(His Beard no bigger though than thine)
Walk'd on before the Best ;
Our Landlord looks like nothing to him.
The King (God bless him !) 'twould undo him
Should he go still so drest.

Sir John Suckling

At Course-a-Park, without all Doubt
He should have first been taken out
By all the Maids i' th' Town :
Though lusty Roger there had been,
Or Little George upon the Green, .
Or Vincent of the Crown.

But wot you what? the Youth was going
To make an End of all the wooing ;
The Parson for him stay'd ;
Yet by his Leave (for all his Haste)
He did not so much wish all past
(Perchance) as did the Maid.

The Maid, (and thereby hangs a Tale),
For such a Maid no Whitsun Ale
Could ever yet produce :
No Grape, that's kindly ripe, could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of Juice.

Her Finger was so small, the Ring
Would not stay on, which they did bring,
It was too wide a Peck,
And, to say Truth, (for out it must),
It looked like the great Collar just
About our young colt's Neck.

Her Feet beneath her Petticoat,
Like little Mice, stole in and out,
As if they fear'd the Light ;
But O ! she dances such a Way,
No Sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a Sight.

He would have kissed her once or twice
But she would not, she was so nice,
She would not do't in Sight,
And then she look'd as who should say :
I will do what I list to-day
And you shall do't at Night.

Sir John Suckling

Her Cheeks so rare a White was on,
No Daisy makes Comparison,
 (Who sees them is undone),
For Streaks of Red were mingled there
Such as are on a Catherine Pear,
 (The Side that's next the Sun).

Her Lips were Red and one was thin
Compar'd to that was next her Chin
 (Some Bee had stung it newly)
But, Dick, her Eyes so guard her Face,
I durst no more upon them gaze
 Than on the Sun in July.

Her Mouth so small, when she does speak,
Thou'dst swear her Teeth her Words did break,
 That they might Passage get,
But she so handled still the Matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
 And are not spent a Whit.

If Wishing should be any Sin,
The Parson himself had guilty been
 (She looked that Day so purely) ;
And did the Youth so oft the Feat
At Night, as some did in concert,]
 It would have spoil'd him surely.

Just in the Nick the Cook knocked thrice,
And all the Waiters in a trice
 His Summons did obey ;
Each Serving-man, with Dish in Hand
March'd boldly up like our train'd Band,
 Presented and away.

When all the Meat was on the Table
What Man of Knife or Teeth was able
 To stay to be intreated ?
And this the very Reason was :
Before the Parson could say Grace,
 The Company was seated.

Sir John Suckling

The Business of the Kitchen's great
For it is fit that Men should eat ;
Nor was it there deny'd ;
Passion o' me, how I run on !
There's that that would be thought upon
(I trow) beside the Bride.

Now Hats fly off and Youths carouse,
Healths first go round and then the House,
The Bride's came thick and thick :
And when 'twas nam'd another's Health,
Perhaps he made it hers by stealth,
And who could help it, Dick?

On the sudden up, they rise and dance ;
Then sit again and sigh and glance,
Then dance again and kiss :
Thus several Ways the Time did pass
Whil'st ev'ry Woman wish'd her place
And ev'ry Man wish'd his.

By this Time all were stolen aside,
To counsel and undress the Bride ;
But that he must not know,
But yet 'twas thought he guess'd her Mind,
And did not mean to stay behind
Above an Hour or so.

When he came in, Dick, there she lay
Like new fall'n snow melting away,
('Twas Time, I trow, to part)
Kisses were now the only Stay
Which soon she gave as who would say
God b' w' y' ! with all my Heart.

But just as Heav'n would have to cross it
In came the Bride with the Posset :
The Bridegroom ate in spite,
For, had he left the Women to't,
It would have cost two Hours to do't,
Which were too much that Night.

Sir John Suckling

At length the candle's out, and now
All that they had not done they do :
What that is who can tell ?
But I believe it was no more
Than thou and I have done before
With Bridget and with Nell.

HONEST Lover, whatsoever,
If in all thy Love there ever
Was one wav'ring 'Thought, if thy Flame
Were not still even, still the same :
 Know this,
 Thou lov'st amiss,
 And, to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If when she appears i' th' Room,
Thou dost not quake and are struck dumb,
And in striving this to cover,
Dost not speak thy Words twice over,
 Know this,
 Thou lov'st amiss,
 And to love true
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If fondly thou dost not mistake,
And all Defects for Graces take,
Persuad'st thyself that Jests are broken,
When she has Little or Nothing spoken,
 Know this,
 Thou lov'st amiss,
 And to love true
Thou must begin again and love anew.

If when thou appear'st to be within,
Thou let'st Men ask and ask again ;
And when thou answerest, if it be,
To what was asked thee, properly,

Sir John Suckling

Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss,
And to love true
Thou must begin and love anew.

If when thy Stomach calls to eat,
Thou cutt'st not Fingers 'stead of Meat,
And with much gazing on her Face
Dost not rise hungry from the Place,
Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss,
And, to love true,
Thou must begin again and love anew.

If by this thou dost discover
That thou art no perfect Lover,
And, desiring to love true,
Thou dost begin to love anew :
Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss,
And, to love true,
Thou must begin again and love anew.

OUT upon it, I have loved
Three whole Days together ;
And am like to love three more,
If it prove fair Weather.

Time shall moult away his Wings,
Ere he shall discover
In the whole wide World again
Such a constant Lover.

But the Spite on't, is, no Praise
Is due at all to me :
Love with me had made no Stays,
Had it any been but she.

Sir John Suckling

Had it any been but she,
And that very Face,
There had been at least ere this
A dozen dozen in her Place.

Love turn'd to Hatred

I WILL not love one Minute more, I swear,
No, not a Minute ; nor a Sigh or Tear
Thou gett'st from me, or one kind look again,
Though thou should'st court me to't, and would'st
begin.

I will not think of thee, but as Men do
Of Debts and Sins, and then I'll curse thee too.
For thy sake Women shall be now to me
Less welcome than as Midnight Ghosts shall be :
I'll hate so perfectly, that it shall be
Treason to love that Man that loves a she ;
Nay, I will hate the very Good, I swear,
That's in thy Sex, because it doth lie there ;
Their very virtue, Grace, Discourse and Wit,
And all for thee ; what, wilt thou love me yet ?

The Careless Lover

NEVER believe me if I love,
Or know what 'tis, or mean to prove ;
And yet in Faith, I lie, I do,
And she's extremely handsome too,
She's fair, she's wondrous fair,
But I care not who know it :
Ere I'll die for Love, I'll fairly forego it.

This Heat of Hope or Cold or Fear
My foolish Heart could never bear :

Sir John Suckling

One Sigh imprison'd ruins more
Than Earthquakes have done heretofore :
She's fair, etc.

When I am hungry, I do eat
And cut no Fingers 'stead of meat ;
Nor, with much Gazing on her Face
Do e'er rise hungry from the Place.
She's fair, etc.

A gentle Round fill'd to the Brink
To this and t'other Friend I drink ;
And when 'tis nam'd another's Health,
I never make it hers by Stealth.
She's fair, etc.

Blackfriars to me and old Whitehall
Is even as much as is the Fall
Of Fountains on a pathless Grove,
And nourishes as much my Love.
She's fair, etc.

I visit, talk, do Business, play,
And, for a need, laugh out a Day :
Who does not thus in Cupid's school,
He makes not Love, but plays the Fool.
She's fair, etc.

Love and Debt alike Troublesome

THIS one Request I make to him that sits the Clouds
above,
That I were freely out of Debt, as I am out of Love ;
Then for to dance, to drink and sing, I should be very
willing,
I should not owe a Lass a Kiss, nor ne'er a Knave a
Shilling.

Sir John Suckling

'Tis only being in Love and Debt that breaks us of
our Rest,
And he that is quite out of both, of all the World is
blest :
He sees the Golden Age, wherein all Things were
free and common,
He eats, he drinks, he takes his Rest, he fears no Man
or Woman.
Though Cræsus compassed great Wealth, yet he still
craved more,
He was as needy a Beggar still, as goes from Door to
Door.
Though Ovid were a merry Man, Love ever kept him
sad,
He was as far from Happiness as one that is stark
mad.
Our Merchant, he in Goods is rich, and full of Gold
and Treasure,
But when he thinks upon his Debts, that Thought de-
stroys his Pleasure.
Our Courtier thinks that he's preferr'd, whom every
Man envies ;
When Love so rumbles in his Pate, no Sleep comes in
his Eyes.
Our Gallant's Case is worst of all, he lies so just be-
twixt them,
For he's in Love and he's in Debt, and knows not
which most vex'th him.
But he that can eat Beef and feed on Bread which is
so brown,
May satisfy his Appetite, and owe no man a Crown :
And he that is content with Lasses clothed in plain
Woollen,
May cool his Heat in every Place, he need not to be
sullen,
Nor sigh for Love of Lady fair ; for this each wise
Man knows :
As good Stuff under Flannel lies as under silken
Clothes.

Sir John Suckling

Love's Representation

LEANING her Head upon my Breast
There on Love's Bed she lay to rest ;
My panting Heart rock'd her asleep,
My heedful Eyes the Watch did keep ;
Then Love by me being harbour'd there,
In Hope to be his Harbinger,
Desire his Rival kept the Door,
For this of him I begged no more,
But that our Mistress to entertain,
Some pretty Fancy he would frame,
And represent it in a Dream
Of which myself should give the Theme.
Then first these Thoughts I bid him show
Which only he and I did know,
Array'd in Duty and Respect,
And not in Fancies that reflect,
Then those of Value next present,
Approv'd by all the World's Consent ;
But to distinguish mine asunder,
Apparell'd they must be in Wonder.
Such a Device then I would have
As Service, not Reward, should crave,
Attir'd in spotless Innocence,
Not Self-respect, nor no Pretence ;
Then such a Faith I would have shown
And heretofore was never known.
Cloth'd with a constant, clear Intent,
Professing always as it meant ;
And if Love no such Garments have,
My Mind a Wardrobe is so brave,
That there sufficient he may see
To clothe Impossibility.
Then beamy Fetters he shall find,
By Admiration subtly twined,
That will keep fast the wanton'st Thought
That e'er Imagination wrought :

Sir John Suckling

There he shall find of Joy a Chain,
Framed by Despair of her Disdain
So curiously that it can't tie
The smallest Hopes that Thoughts now spy.
There Acts, as glorious as the Sun,
Are by her Veneration spun,
In one of which I would have brought
A pure, unspotted, abstract Thought.
Considering her as she is good,
Not in her Frame of Flesh and Blood ;
These Atoms, then, all in her Sight,
I bade him join, that so he might
Discern between true Love's Creation
And that Love's Form that's now in Fashion.
Love, granting unto my Request,
Began to labour in my Breast ;
But with this Motion he did make,
It heaved so high that she did wake,
Blush'd at the Favour she had done,
Then smiled and then away did run.

To a Lady who forbade to love before Company

WHAT ! no more Favours ? Not a Ribbon more,
Not Fan nor Muff to hold as heretofore ?
Must all the little Blissess then be left,
And what was once Love's Gift, become our Theft ?
May we not look ourselves into a Trance,
Teach our Souls Parley at our Eyes, not glance,
Not touch the Hand, not by soft Wringing there
Whisper a Love that only yes can hear ?
Not free a Sigh, a Sigh that's there for you ?
Dear, must I love you, and not love you too ?
Be wise, nice, fair : for sooner shall they trace
The feather'd Choristers from Place to Place,

Sir John Suckling

By Points they make in th' Air, and sooner say
By what right Line the last Star made his Way
That fled from Heaven to Earth, than guess to know
How our Loves first did spring, or how they grow.
Love is all Spirit : Fairies sooner may
Be taken tardy when they Night-tricks play,
Than we, we are too dull and lumpish rather. . . .

THE crafty Boy that had full oft assay'd
To pierce my stubborn and resisting Breast,
But still the Bluntness of his Darts betray'd,
Resolv'd at last of setting up his Rest,
Either my wild, unruly Heart to tame,
Or quit his Godhead and his Bow disclaim.

So all his lovely Looks, his pleasing Fires,
All his sweet Motions, all his taking Smiles,
All that awakes, all that inflames Desires,
All that by sweet Commands, all that beguiles,
He does into one Pair of Eyes convey,
And there begs Leave that he himself may stay.

And there he brings me where his Ambush lay,
Secure and careless to a stranger Land ;
And, never warning me, which was foul Play,
Does make me close by all this Beauty stand.
Where first struck dead, I did at last recover,
To know that I might only live to love her.

So I'll be sworn I do, and do confess
The blind Lad's Power whilst he inhabits there ;
But I'll be even with him nevertheless,
If e'er I chance to meet with him elsewhere.
If other Eyes invite the Boy to tarry,
I'll fly to hers as to a Sanctuary.

Sir John Suckling

I PRITHEE send me back my Heart,
Since I cannot have thine,
For, if from yours you will not part,
Why then should'st thou have mine ?

Yet, now I think on't, let it lie
To find it were in vain,
For th' hast a Thief in either Eye
Would steal it back again.

Why should two Hearts in one Breast lie,
And yet not lodge together ?
O Love where is thy Sympathy
If thus our Breasts thou sever ?

But Love is such a Mystery,
I cannot find it out ;
For when I think I'm best resolv'd,
I then am in most Doubt.

Then Farewell Care and Farewell Woe,
I will no longer pine :
For I'll believe I have her Heart,
As much as she hath mine.

I AM confirm'd a Woman can
Love this, or that, or any Man ;
This Way she's melting hot,
To-morrow swears she knows you not ;
If she but a new Object find,
Then straight she's of another Mind.
Then hang me, Ladies, at your Door,
If e'er I dote upon you more.

If still I love the fairsome (why ?
For nothing but to please my Eye) ;

Sir John Suckling

And so the fat and soft-skinn'd Dame
I'll flatter to appease my Flame ;
For she that's musical I'll long
When I am sad to sing a Song,
Then hang me, Ladies, at your Door,
If e'er I dote upon you more.

I'll give my Fancy Leave to range
Through everywhere to find out Change,
The Black, the Brown, the Fair shall be
But Objects of Variety :
I'll court you all to serve my Turn,
But with such Flames as shall not burn—
Then hang me, Ladies, at your Door,
If e'er I dote upon you more.

I PRITHEE spare me, gentle Boy,
Press me no more for that slight Toy,
That foolish Trifle of a Heart ;
I swear it will not do its Part,
Though thou dost thine, employ'st thy Power and Art.

For through long Custom it has known
The little Secrets, and is grown
Sullen and wise, will have its Will,
And, like old Hawks, pursues that still
That makes least Sport, flies only where't can kill.

Some Youth that has not made his Story,
Will think, perchance, the Pain's the Glory ;
And mannerly fit out Love's Feast ;
I shall be carving of the best,
Rudely call for the last Course 'fore the Rest.

Sir John Suckling

And, O, when once that Course is past,
How short a Time the Feast doth last !
Men rise away, and scarce say Grace,
Or civilly once thank the Face
That did invite, but seek another Place.

WHEN, dearest, I but think of thee,
Methinks all Things that lovely be
Are present and my Soul delighted :
For Beauties that from Worth arise
Are like the Grace of Deities,
Still present, though unsighted.

Thus whilst I sit and sigh the Day
With all his borrowed Lights away,
Till Night's black Wings do overtake me,
Thinking on thee, thy Beauties then,
As sudden Lights do sleeping Men,
So they by their bright Rays awake me.

Thus Absence dies, and dying proves
No Absence can subsist with Loves
That do partake of fair Perfection ;
Since in the darkest Night they may
By Love's quick Motion find a Way
To see each other by Reflection.

The waving Sea can with each Flood
Bathe some high Promont that hath stood
Far from the Main up in the River :
Oh, think not then but Love can do
As much, for that's an Ocean too,
Which flows not every day but ever !

HAST thou seen the Down in the Air
When wanton Blasts have toss'd it ?
Or the Ship on the Sea,
When ruder Winds have cross'd it ?

Sir John Suckling

Hast thou mark'd the Crocodile's Weeping,
Or the Fox's Sleeping?
Or hast viewed the Peacock in his Pride,
Or the Dove by his Bride,
When he courts for his Lechery?
O so fickle, O so vain, O so false, so false is she!
— *The Sad One*, Act IV. sc. iii.

His Dream

ON a still silent Night scarce could I number
One of the Clock, but that a golden Slumber
Had locked my Senses fast, and carried me
Into a World of blest Felicity,
I know not how : first to a Garden, where
The Apricot, the Cherry, and the Pear,
The Strawberry and Plum, were fairer far
Than that eye-pleasing Fruit that caused the Jar
Betwixt the Goddesses, and tempted more
Than fair Atlanta's Ball, though gilded o'er.

I gazed awhile on these, and presently
A silver Stream ran softly gliding by,
Upon whose Banks, Lilies more white than Snow,
New fallen from Heaven, with Violets mixed, did
grow ;
Whose Scent so chafed the Neighbour-air, that you
Would softly swear that Arabic Spices grew
Not far from thence, or that the Place had been
With Musk prepared, to entertain Love's Queen.
Whilst I admired, the River passed away,
And up a Grove did spring, green as in May.

When April had been moist ; upon whose Bushes
The pretty Robins, Nightingales and Thrushes
Warbled their Notes so sweetly, that my Ears
Did judge at least the Music of the Spheres.

Sir John Suckling

But here my gentle Dream conveyed me
Into the Place where I most longed to see,
My Mistress' Bed ; who some few Blushes past
And smiling Frowns, contented was at last
To let me Touch her Neck ; I, not content
With that, slipped to her Breasts, . . .
And then—I waked.

Brennoralt Gazing on Francelia Asleep

So Misers look upon their Gold, which while
They joy to see, they fear to lose ; the Pleasure
O' the Sight scarce equalling the Jealousy
Of being dispossess'd by Others.
Her Face is like the Milky Way i' th' Sky,
A Meeting of gentle Lights without Name.
Heavens ! shall this fresh Ornament
Of the World, this precious Loveliness
Pass, with other common Things, among'st
The Wastes of Time ? What Pity 'twere !
—*Brennoralt*, Act III.

Sir John Suckling

NO, no, fair Heretic, it needs must be
But an Ill-love in me
And worse for thee.
For were it in my Pow'r,
To love thee now this Hour
More than I did the last :
I would then so fall
I might not love at all.
Love that can flow and can admit Increase,
Admits as well an Ebb, and may grow less.

True Love is still the same, the torrid Zones,
And those more frigid ones,
It must not know.
For Love grown cold or hot
Is Lust or Friendship, not
The Thing we have.
For that's a Flame would die,
Held down or up too high :
Then think I love more than I can express,
And would love more, could I but love thee less.
—*Aglaura*, Act. IV. sc. i.

The Metamorphosis

THE little Boy, to show his Might and Power,
Turn'd Io to a Cow, Narcissus to a Flower ;
Transform'd Apollo to a homely Swain,
And Jove himself into a Golden Rain.
These Shapes were tolerable, but, by the Mass,
He's metamorphosed me into an Ass.

Sir John Suckling

A Soldier

I AM a Man of War and Might
And know thus much that I can fight,
Whether I am i' th' Wrong or Right,
Devoutly.

No woman under Heaven I fear,
New Oaths I can exactly swear,
And forty Healths my Brain will bear
Most stoutly.

I cannot speak, but I can do
As much as any of our Crew,
And, if you doubt it, some of you
May prove me.

I dare be bold thus much to say,
If that my Bullets do but play,
You would be hurt so Night and Day,
Yet love me.

The Expostulation

TELL me, ye juster Deities,
That pity Lovers' Miseries,
Why should my own Unworthiness
Fright me to seek my Happiness?
It is as natural as just
Him for to love, whom needs I must
All Men confess that Love's a Fire,
Then who denies it to aspire?

Tell me if thou wert Fortune's Thrall,
Would'st thou not raise thee from the Fall?

Sir John Suckling

Seek only to o'erlook thy State,
Whereto thou art condemn'd by Fate?
Then let me love my Corydon,
By Love's Leave, him love alone :
For I have read of Stories oft
That Love hath Wings, and soars aloft.

Then let me grow in my Desire,
Though I be martyr'd in that Fire ;
For Grace it is enough for me
But only to love such as he :
For never shall my Thoughts be base,
Though luckless, yet without Disgrace :
Then let him that my Love shall blame
Or clip Love's Wings or quench Love's Flame.

To Master John Hales of Eton

SIR,
Whether these Lines do you find out
Putting or clearing of a Doubt,
(Whether Predestination
Or reconciling Three in One,
Or the Unriddling how Men die,
And live at once eternally
Now take you up) know 'tis decreed
You straight bestride the College-steed :
Leave Socinus and the Schoolmen
(Which Jack Bond swears do but fool Men),
And come to Town ; 'tis fit you show
Yourself abroad, that Men may know
(Whate'er some learned Men have guess'd)
That Oracles are not yet ceas'd :
There you shall find the Wit and Wine
Flowing alike and both divine—

Sir John Suckling

Dishes with Names not known in Books,
And less among the College-Cooks,
With Sauce so pregnant that you need
Not stay till Hunger bids you feed.
The Sweat of learned Jonson's Brain,
And gentle Shakespeare's easier Strain,
A Hackney-coach conveys you to,
In Spite of all that Rain can do ;
And for your Eighteenpence you sit
The Lord and Judge of all fresh Wit.
News in one Day as much w' have here
As serves all Windsor for a Year,
And which the Carrier brings to you
After t' has here been found not true.
Then think what Company's design'd
To meet you here, Men so refin'd ;
Their very common talk at Board
Makes wise or mad a young Court-lord,
And makes him capable to be
Umpire in's Father's Company.
Where no Disputes nor forced Defence
Of a Man's Person for his Sense
Take up the Time ; all strive to be
Masters of Truth, as Victory :
And where you come, I'd boldly swear
A Synod might as eas'ly err.

WHY so pale and wan, fond Lover ?
Prithee, why so pale ?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail ?
Prithee, why so pale ?

Why so dull and mute, young Sinner ?
Prithee, why so mute ?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do 't ?
Prithee, why so mute ?

Sir John Suckling

Quit, quit, for Shame, this will not move,
This cannot take her.

If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her—
The Devil take her !

—*Aglaura*, Act IV. sc. i.

FILL it up, fill it up to the Brink,
When the Pots cry Clink,
And the Pockets chink,
Then 'tis a merry World !

To the best, to the best, have at her !
And a Pox take the Woman-hater !
The Prince of Darkness is a Gentleman :
Mahu, *Mahu*¹ is his Name.

—*The Goblins*, Act III.

COME, let the State stay,
And drink away :
There is no Business above it,
It warms the cold Brain,
Makes us speak in high Strain :
He's a Fool that does not approve it.
The Macedon Youth
Left behind him this Truth,
That Nothing is done with much Thinking,—
He drank and he fought
Till he had what he sought,
The World was his own by hard Drinking.

—*Brennoralt*, Act II. sc. i.

¹ This comes from *King Lear* (III. iv.) where poor Tom sings—

“The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman,
Modo he's called and Mahu.”

Elsewhere, however (IV. i.), he is the tributary fiend of theft.

Sir John Suckling

SHE'S pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant too to think on ;
But the best Use of all
Is, her Health is a Stale,
And helps us to make us drink on.
Brennoralt, Act II. sc. i.

Sir Charles Sedley

PHILLIS, Men say that all my Vows
Are to thy Fortune paid ;
Alas ! my Heart he little knows
Who thinks my Love a Trade.

Were I of all these Woods the Lord,
One Berry from thy Hand
More real Pleasure would afford
Than all my large Command.

My humble Love has learnt to live
On what the nicest Maid,
Without a conscious Blush, may give
Beneath the Myrtle Shade.

PHILLIS is my only Joy,
Faithless as the Winds or Seas,
Sometimes coming, sometimes coy,
Yet she never fails to please ;
If with a Frown
I am cast down,
Phillis smiling
And beguiling,
Makes me happier than before.

Though, alas ! too late I find
Nothing can her Fancy fix,
Yet the Moment she is kind,
I forgive her all her Tricks ;

Sir Charles Sedley

Which, though I see,
I can't get free ;
She deceiving,
I believing :
What need Lovers wish for more ?

HEARS not my Phillis how the Birds
Their feather'd Mates salute ?
They tell their Passion in their Words :
Must I alone be mute ?
*Phillis, without Frown or Smile,
Sat and knotted all the while.*

The God of Love in thy bright Eyes
Does like a Tyrant reign,
But in thy Heart a Child he lies
Without his Dart or Flame.
*Phillis, without Frown or Smile,
Sat and knotted all the while.*

So many Months in Silence pass'd
And yet in raging Love,
Might well deserve one Word at last
My Passion should approve.
*Phillis, without Frown or Smile,
Sat and knotted all the while.*

Must then your faithful Swain expire,
And not one Look obtain,
Which he, to soothe his fond Desire,
Might pleasingly explain ?
*Phillis, without Frown or Smile,
Sat and knotted all the while.*

Sir Charles Sedley

To a Devout Young Gentlewoman

PHILLIS, this early Zeal assuage,
You over-act your Part ;
The Martyrs at your Tender Age
Gave Heav'n but half their Heart.

Old Men (till past the Pleasure) ne'er
Declaim against the Sin ;
'Tis early to begin to fear
The Devil at Fifteen.

The World to Youth is too severe,
And, like a treacherous Light,
Beauty the Actions of the Fair
Exposes to their Sight.

And yet this World, as old as 'tis,
Is oft deceived by 't too ;
Kind Combinations seldom miss,
Let's try what we can do.

The Extravagant

I AM a lusty, lively Lad
Arriv'd at One and Twenty,
My Father left me all he had,
Both Gold and Silver plenty.
Now he's in Grave, I will be brave,
The Ladies shall adore me :
I'll court and kiss, what Harm's in this ?
My Dad did so before me.

Sir Charles Sedley

My Father to get my Estate,
Though selfish yet was slavish ;
I'll spend it at another Rate,
And be as lewdly lavish.
From Madmen, Fools and Knaves he did
Litigiously receive it ;
If so he did Justice forbid,
But I to such should leave it.

Then I'll to Court, where Venus' Sport
Doth revel it in Plenty,
And deal with all both great and small
From Twelve to Five and Twenty.
In Playhouses I'll spend my Days,
For there are Store of Misses—
Ladies, make Room, behold I come
To purchase many Kisses.

The Forward Lover

TUSH ! never tell me I'm too young
For loving, or too green ;
She stays at least seven Years too long,
That's wedded at Eighteen.
Lambs bring forth Lambs, and Doves bring Doves,
As soon as they're begotten :
Then why should ladies linger Loves,
As if not ripe till rotten ?

Grey Hairs are fitter for the Grave
Than for the bridal Bed,
What Pleasure can a Lover have
In a wither'd Maidenhead ?
Nature's exalted in our Time,
And what our Grandames then
At Four and Twenty scarce could climb,
We can arrive at Ten.

Sir Charles Sedley

AH, Chloris ! that I now could sit
As unconcern'd, as when
Your infant Beauty could beget
No Pleasure nor no Pain.

When I the Dawn used to admire,
And praised the coming Day,
I little thought the growing Fire
Must take my Rest away.

Your Charms in harmless Childhood lay,
Like Metals in the Mine :
Age from no Face took more away,
Than Youth conceal'd in thine.

But as your Charms insensibly
To their Perfection press'd,
Fond Love as unperceiv'd did fly,
And in my Bosom rest.

My Passion with your Beauty grew,
And Cupid at my Heart,
Still as his Mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming Dart.

Each gloried in their wanton Part ;
To make a Lover, he
Employ'd the utmost of his Art—
To make a Beauty she.

Though now I slowly bend to Love,
Uncertain of my Fate,
If your fair Self my Chains approve,
I shall my Freedom hate.

Lovers, like dying Men, may well
At first disorder'd be ;
Since none alive can truly tell
What Fortune they must see.

Sir Charles Sedley

LOVE still has something of the Sea,
From whence his Mother rose,
No Time his Slaves from Doubt can free,
Nor give their Thoughts Repose.

They are becalm'd in clearest Days,
And in rough Weather tost ;
They wither under cold Delays,
Or are in Tempests lost.

One while they seem to touch the Port,
Then straight into the Main
Some angry Wind in cruel Sport
The Vessel drives again.

At first Disdain and Pride they fear,
Which, if they chance to 'scape,
Rivals and Falsehood soon appear
In a more dreadful Shape.

By such Degrees to Joy they come,
And are so long withstood,
So slowly they receive the Sum,
It hardly does them good.

'Tis cruel to prolong a Pain,
And to defer a Joy,
Believe me, gentle Celemene
Offends the winged Boy.

An hundred thousand Oaths your Fears
Perhaps would not remove,
And if I gazed a thousand years
I could no deeper love.

FAIR Aminta, art thou mad
To let the World in me
Envy Joys I never had,
And censure them in thee?

Sir Charles Sedley

Fill'd with Grief for what is past,
Let us at length be wise,
And to Love's true Enjoyments haste
Since we have paid the Price.

Love does easy Souls despise,
Who lose themselves for Toys,
And Escape for those devise,
Who taste his utmost Joys.

Love should, like the Year, be crown'd
With sweet Variety ;
Hope should in the Spring abound,
Kind Fears and Jealousie.

In the Summer Flow'rs should rise
And in the Autumn Fruit ;
His Spring doth else but mock our Eyes,
And in a Scoff salute.

Advice to the Old Beaux

SCRAPE no more your harmless Chins
Old Beaux in Hope to please ;
You should repent your former Sins,
Not study their Increase :
*Young awkward Tops may shock our Sight
But you offend by Day and Night.*

In vain the Coachman turns about
And whips the dappled Bays,
When the old Ogler looks out
We turn away our Face.
*True Love and Youth will ever charm
But, both affected, cannot warm.*

Sir Charles Sedley

Summer Fruits we highly prize,
They kindly cool the Blood ;
But Winter Berries we despise,
And leave 'em in the Wood :
On the Bush they may look well,
But, gather'd, lose both Taste and Smell.

That you languish, that you die,
Alas ! is but too true :
Yet tax us not with Cruelty,
Who daily pity you.
Nature henceforth alone accuse,
In vain we grant, if she refuse.

NOT, Celia, that I juster am
Or better than the Rest,
For I would change each Hour like them
Were not my Heart at Rest.

But I am tied to very thee
By every Thought I have,
Thy Face I only care to see,
Thy Heart I only crave.

All that in Woman is ador'd
In thy dear Self I find,
For the whole Sex can but afford
The handsome and the kind.

Why then should I seek farther Store,
And still make Love anew ?
When Change itself can give no more
'Tis easy to be true.

John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester

ALL my past Life is mine no more,
The flying Hours are gone ;
Like transitory Dreams giv'n o'er
Whose Images are kept in Store
By Memory alone.

The Time that is to come is not,
How can it then be mine,
The present Moment's all my Lot,
And that, as fast as it is got,
Is, Phillis, only thine.

Then talk not of Inconstancy,
False Hearts and broken Vows,
If I by Miracle can be
This live-long Minute, true to thee,
'Tis all that Heav'n allows.

To Corinna

WHAT cruel Pains Corinna takes,
To force that harmless Frown,
When not one Charm her Face forsakes
Love cannot lose his own.

John Wilmot

So sweet a Face, so soft a Heart,
Such Eyes so very kind,
Betray, alas ! the silly Art
Virtue had ill-design'd.

Poor feeble Tyrant ! who in vain
Would proudly take upon her
Against kind Nature to maintain
Officious Rules of Honour.

The scorn she bears so helpless proves
When I plead Passion to her,
That much she fears (but more she loves)
Her Vassal should undo her.

ROOM, Room for a Blade of the Town
That takes Delight in Roaring,
Who all Day long rambles up and down,
And at night in the Streets lies snoring.

That for the noble Name of Spark
Does his Companions rally,
Commits an Outrage in the Dark,
Then slinks into an Alley.

To every Female that he meets,
He swears he bears Affection,
Defies all Laws, Arrests and Cheats
By the Help of a kind Protection.

When he intending further Wrongs
By some resenting Cully,
Is decently run through the Lungs,
And there's an End of Bully.

AN Age in her Embraces past
Would seem a Winter's Day,
Where Light and Life with envious Haste
Are torn and snatcht away.

John Wilmot

But oh how slowly Minutes roll
When absent from her Eyes
That fed my Love which is my Soul,
It languishes and dies.

For then no more a Soul but Shade,
It mournfully doth move,
And haunts my Breast, by Absence made
The living Tomb of Love.

You wiser Men, despise me not,
Whose Love-sick Fancy raves
On Shades of Souls and Heav'n knows what,
Short Ages live in Graves :

Whene'er those wounding Eyes, so full
Of Sweetness, you did see,
Had you not been profoundly dull,
You had gone mad like me.

Phillis, be gentler, I advise,
Make up for Time mis-spent,
When Beauty on her Death-bed lies,
'Tis high Time to repent.

Such is the Malice of your Fate,
That makes you old so soon,
Your Pleasure ever comes too late
However soon begun.

Think what a wretched thing is she
Whose Stars contrive in Spite.
The Morning of her Love should be
Her fading Beauty's Night.

Then, if to make your Ruin more,
You'll peevishly be coy,
Die with the Scandal of a Whore,
And never know the Joy.

John Wilmot

Nor censure us you who perceive
My Best-Beloved and me
Sigh and lament, complain and grieve :
You think we disagree.

Alas ! 'tis sacred Jealousy
Love raised to an Extreme :
The only Proof 'twixt them and me
We love and do not dream.

Fantastic Fancies fondly move
And in frail Joys believe,
Taking false Pleasure for true Love ;
But Pain can ne'er deceive.

Kind, jealous Doubts, tormenting,
And anxious Cares when past,
Prove our Heart's Treasure fix'd and dear
And make us blest at last.

Grecian Kindness

THE utmost Grace the Greeks could show
When to the Trojans they grew kind,
Was, with their Arms, to let 'em go,
And leave their ling'ring Wives behind ;
They beat the Men and burnt the Town,
Then all the Baggage was their own.

There the kind Deity of Wine
Kiss'd the soft wanton God of Love :
This clapp'd his Wings. that press'd his Vine,
And their best powers united move.
While each brave Greek embraced his Punk,
Lull'd her asleep, and then grew drunk.

John Wilmot

Woman's Honour

LOVE bid me hope, and I obey'd ;
Phillis continued still unkind :
"Then you may e'en despair," he said,
"In vain I strive to change her Mind ;

Honour's got in and keeps her Heart,
Durst he but venture once abroad,
In my own Right I'd take your Part
And show myself a mightier God.

This huffing Honour domineers
In Breasts where he alone has Place :
But if true generous Love appears,
The Hector dares not show his Face.

Let me still languish and complain,
Be most inhumanly deny'd,
I have some Pleasure in my Pain,
She can have none with all her Pride.

I fall a Sacrifice to Love,
She lives a Wretch for Honour's Sake :
Whose Tyrant does most cruel prove,
The difference is not hard to make.

Consider real Honour then,
You'll find hers cannot be the same ;
'Tis noble Confidence in Men,
In Women mean distrustful Shame."

The Fall

How blest was the created State
Of Man and Woman ere they fell !
Compared to our unhappy Fate ;
We need not fear another Hell !

John Wilmot

Naked, beneath cool shades, they lay,
Enjoyment waited on Desire,
Each Member did their Wills obey,
Nor could a Wish set Pleasure higher.

But we, poor Slaves to Hope and Fear,
Are never of our Joys secure :
They lessen still as they draw near,
And none but dull Delights endure.

Then, Chloris, while I Duty pay,
The nobler Tribute of my Heart,
Be not you so severe to say
You love me for a frailer Part.

GIVE me Leave to rail at you,
I ask nothing but my due
To call you false and then to say
You shall not keep my Heart a Day.
But, alas ! against my Will,
I must be your Captive still.
Ah, be kinder then, for I
Cannot change and would not die.

Kindness has resistless Charms,
All besides but weakly move,
Fiercest Anger it disarms,
And clips the Wings of flying Love.
Beauty does the Heart invade,
Kindness only can persuade ;
It gilds the Lover's servile chain,
And makes the Slaves grow pleased again.

Upon Leaving his Mistress

'TIS not that I am weary grown
Of being yours and yours alone,
But with what Face can I incline
To damn you to be only mine ?

John Wilmot

You, whom some kinder Pow'r did fashion
By Merit and by Inclination
The Joy at least of a whole Nation.

Let meaner Spirits of your Sex
With humbler Aims their Thoughts perplex,
And boast if, by their Arts, they can
Contrive to make *one* happy Man :
While, moved by an impartial Sense,
Favours like Nature you dispense
With universal influence.

See, the kind Seed receiving Earth
To every Grain affords a Birth,
On her no Show'rs unwelcome fall,
Her willing Womb retains 'em all.
And shall my Celia be confin'd?
No, live up to thy mighty Mind,
And be the Mistress of Mankind !

ABSENT from thee I languish still,
Then ask me not, when I return ?
The straying Fool 'twill plainly kill
To wish all Day, all Night to mourn.

Dear, from thine Arms then let me fly,
That my fantastic Mind may prove
The Torments it deserves to try,
That tears my fixed Heart from my Love.

When, wearied with a World of Woe,
To thy safe Bosom I retire,
Where Love, and Peace, and Honour flow,
May I, contented, there expire.

Lest once more wandering from that Heaven,
I fall on some base Heart unblessed,
Faithless to thee, false, unforgiven,
And lose my everlasting Rest.

John Wilmot

To his Mistress

WHY dost thou shade thy lovely Face ? O why
Does that eclipsing Hand of thine deny
The Sunshine of the Sun's enlightening Eye ?

Without thy Light what Light remains in me ?
Thou art my Life ; my Way, my Light's in thee ;
I live, I move, and by thy Beams I see.

Thou art my Life—if thou but turn away
I die a thousand Deaths. Thou art my Way—
Without thee, Love, I travel not, but stray.

My Light thou art—without thy glorious Sight
My Eyes are darken'd with eternal Night.
My Love, thou art my Way, my Life, my Light.

Thou art my Way ; I wander if thou fly.
Thou art my Light ; if hid how blind am I !
Thou art my Life ; if thou withdraw'st, I die.

My Eyes are dark and blind, I cannot see :
To whom or whither should my Darkness flee,
But to that Light?—and who's that Light but thee ?

If I have lost my Path, dear Lover, say,
Shall I still wander in a doubtful Way ?
Love, shall a Lamb of Israel's Sheepfold stray ?

My Path is lost, my wandering Steps do stray ;
I cannot go, nor can I safely stay ;
Whom should I seek but thee, my Path, my Way ?

And yet thou turn'st away thy Face and fly'st me !
And yet I sue for Grace and thou deny'st me !
Speak, art thou angry, Love, or only try'st me ?

John Wilmot

Thou art the Pilgrim's Path, the blind Man's Eye,
The dead Man's Life. On thee my Hopes rely :
If I but them remove, I surely die.

Dissolve thy Sunbeams, close thy Wings and stay !
See, see how I am blind, and dead, and stray !
—Oh thou that art my Life, my Light, my Way !

Then work thy Will ! If Passion bid thee flee,
My Reason shall obey, my Wings shall be
Stretch'd out no further than from me to thee !

MY dear Mistress has a Heart,
Soft as those kind Looks she gave me,
When with Love's resistless Art
And her Eyes she did enslave me.
But her Constancy's so weak,
She's so wild and apt to wander,
That my jealous Heart would break,
Should we live one day asunder.

Melting Joys about her move,
Killing Pleasures, wounding Blisses,
She can dress her Eyes in Love,
And her Lips can warm with Kisses.
Angels listen when she speaks,
She's my Delight, all Mankind's Wonder,
But my jealous Heart would break,
Should we live one day asunder.

WHILE on those lovely Looks I gaze,
To see a Wretch pursuing,
In Raptures of a blest Amaze
His pleasing happy Ruin ;
'Tis not for Pity that I move,
His Fate is too aspiring,
Whose Heart, broke with a Load of Love,
Dies wishing and admiring.

John Wilmot

But if this Murder you'd forego,
Your Slave from Death removing,
Let me your Art of Charming know,
Or learn you mine of Loving ;
But, whether Death or Life betide,
In Love 'tis equal Measure ;
The Victor lives with empty Pride,
The Vanquish'd die with Pleasure.

A Dialogue

Strephon

PRITHEE, now, fond Fool, give o'er ;
Since my Heart is gone before,
To what Purpose should I stay ?
Love commands another Way.

Daphne

Perjur'd Swain, I knew the Time
When Dissembling was your Crime ;
In Pity now employ that Art,
Which first betray'd, to ease my Heart.

Strephon

Women can with Pleasure feign,
Men dissemble still with Pain.
What Advantage will it prove,
If I lie, who cannot love ?

Daphne

Tell me then the Reason, why
Love from Hearts in Love does fly ?
Why the Bird will build a Nest,
Where she ne'er intends to rest ?

John Wilmot

Strephon

Love, like other little Boys,
Cries for Hearts, as they for Toys,
Which, when gain'd, in childish Play,
Wantonly are thrown away.

Daphne

Still on Wing or on his Knees,
Love does nothing by degrees,
Basely flying when most prized,
Meanly fawning when despised,
Flattering or insulting ever,
Generous and grateful never :
All his Joys are fleeting Dreams,
All his Woes severe Extremes.

Strephon

Nymph, unjustly you inveigh ;
Love, like us, must Fate obey.
Since 'tis Nature's Law to change,
Constancy alone is strange.
See the Heavens in Lightnings break,
Next in storms of Thunder speak,
Till a kind Rain from above
Makes a Calm,—so 'tis in Love.
Flames begin our first Address,
Like meeting Thunder we embrace,
Then, you know, the Showers that fall
Quench the Fire and quiet all.

Daphne

How should I these Showers forget ?
'Twas so pleasant to be wet !
They kill'd Love, I know it well,
I died all the while they fell.
Say, at least, what Nymph it is
Robs my Breast of so much Bliss ?
If she's fair, I shall be eased,
Through my Ruin you'll be pleased,

John Wilmot

Strephon

Daphne never was so fair,
Strephon, scarcely, so sincere,
Gentle, innocent and free,
Ever pleased with only me :
Many Charms my Heart enthrall,
But there's one, above them all,
With Aversion she does fly—
Tedious, trading Constancy.

Daphne

Cruel Shepherd ! I submit,
Do what you and Love think fit :
Change is Fate and not Design,—
Say you would have still been mine.

Strephon

Nymph, I cannot : 'tis too true,
Change has greater Charms than you.
Be by my Example wise,
Faith to Pleasure sacrifice.

Daphne

Silly Swain, I'll have you know
'Twas my Practice long ago,
Whilst you vainly thought me true,
I was false in Scorn of you.
By my Tears, my Heart's Disguise,
I thy Love and thee despise :
Womankind more Joy discovers
Making Fools than making Lovers.

Upon Drinking in a Bowl

VULCAN, contrive me such a Cup
As Nestor used of Old,
Show all thy Skill to trim it up,
Damask it round with Gold.

John Wilmot

Make it so large, that, fill'd with Sack
Up to the swelling Brim,
Vast Toasts on the delicious Lake,
Like Ships at Sea, may swim.

Engrave not Battle on his Cheek,
With War I've nought to do,
I'm none of those that took Maestrick,
Nor Yarmouth Leaguer knew.

Let it no Name of Planets tell,
Fix'd Stars and Constellations ;
For I am no Sir Sidrophel,
Nor none of his Relations.

But carve thereon a spreading Vine,
Then add two lovely Boys ;
Their Limbs in amorous Folds entwine,
The Type of future Joys.

Cupid and Bacchus my Saints are,
May Drink and Love still reign !
With Wine I wash away my Care,
And then to Love again !

Upon Nothing

Nothing ! thou Elder Brother ev'n to Shade,
That hadst a Being ere the World was made,
And (well fixt) art alone, of Ending not afraid.

Ere Time and Place were, Time and Place were not,
When primitive Nothing something straight begot,
Then all proceeded from the great united . . . What?

Something, the general Attribute of all,
Sever'd from thee, its sole Original,
Into thy boundless Self must undistinguish'd fall.

John Wilmot

Yet Something did thy mighty Power command,
And from fruitful Emptiness's Hand
Snatch'd Men, Beasts, Birds, Fire, Air, and Land.

Matter the wicked'st Offspring of thy Race,
By Form assisted, flew from thy Embrace,
And rebel Light obscur'd thy reverend dusky Face.

With Form and Matter, Time and Place did join ;
Body, thy Foe, with thee did Leagues combine
To spoil thy peaceful Realm, and ruin all thy Line.

But Turn-coat Time assists the Foe in vain,
And, brib'd by thee, assists thy short-liv'd Reign,
And to thy hungry Womb drives back thy Slaves again.

Though Mysteries are barr'd from laic Eyes,
And the Divine alone, with Warrant, pries
Into thy Bosom where Truth in private lies :

Yet this of thee the Wise may freely say,
Thou from the Virtuous nothing tak'st away,
And, to be Part with thee, the Wicked wisely pray.

Great Negative ! how vainly would the Wise
Enquire, define, distinguish, teach, devise,
Didst thou not stand to point their dull philosophies ?

Is, or is not, the Two great Ends of Fate,
And, true or false, the Subject of Debate,
That perfect or destroy the vast Designs of Fate ;

When they have rack'd the Politician's Breast,
Within thy Bosom most securely rest,
And, when reduced to thee, are least unsafe and best ?

But *Nothing*,—why does *Something* still permit
That sacred Monarchs should at Council sit,
With Persons highly thought at best for Nothing fit ?

John Wilmot

Whilst weighty *Something* modestly abstains
From Princes' Coffers and from Statesmen's Brains,
And Nothing there, like stately Nothing, reigns.

Nothing who dwell'st with Fools in grave disguise
For whom they reverend Shapes and Forms devise.
Lawn Sleeves, and Furs, and Gowns, when they, like
thee, look wise.

French Truth, Dutch Prowess, British Policy,
Hibernian Learning, Scotch Civility,
Spaniards' Dispatch, Danes' Wit, are mainly seen in
thee.

The great Man's Gratitude to his best Friend,
Kings' Promises, Whores' vows, towards thee may
bend,
How swiftly into thee, and in thee ever end.

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Robert Southwell

(1561 ?-1595)

'So [I] had written that piece of his, The Burning Babe, [I] would have been content to destroy many of [mine]."—BEN JONSON to WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

Henry Constable

(1562-1613)

"Constable's ambrosiac muse."—BEN JONSON.

"Sweet Constable doth take the wond'ring ear
And lays it up in willing prisonment."

—The Return from Parnassus.

William Drummond

(1585-1649)

"The sweetest names, and which carry a perfume in the mention, are, Kit Marlowe, Drayton, DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN, and Cowley."

—CHARLES LAMB: *Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading.*

"Drummond . . . may almost be looked upon as the harbinger of a fresh outburst of word-music" . . . —GEO. MACDONALD.





WILLIAM DRUMMOND
(1585-1649)

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Preface

THE three poets brought together in this booklet were all born within one quarter of a century, and their work represents much that is most characteristic of one of the richest periods in our poetical history. The earliest of them was born two or three years before the birth of Shakespeare, the latest of them died in the year in which Lovelace's "Lucasta" was first published. The first two—and the two of the trio least well-remembered—have this in common, that they were both of them Roman Catholics in days when their native country was little tolerant of such. Each was a man of true poetic feeling and gifts, who is perhaps only partly remembered because he was but a lesser light more or less dimmed by the brilliant galaxy in which he was set. This is not the place for a close examination of their writings, a comparison of their methods, a balancing of their relative positions in our literary hierarchy; here we have but a handful of blossoms gathered from three gardens of poesy, at a time when it could most truly be said that all could grow the flower for all had got the seed. A brief note of the position that each held in his time will form perhaps the most appropriate preface.

I

ROBERT SOUTHWELL (1561?-1595), who is best known, by those who know him at all, as the writer of that beautifully fanciful devout lyric, "The Burning Babe," was the son of Richard Southwell of Horsham St. Faith's in Norfolk, and it is interesting to recall that his maternal ancestry gave him descent from that Sussex family from which there also descended in Percy Bysshe Shelley a later poet of a very different stamp.

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Educated at the Jesuit College at Douay, Southwell was at an early age incited with a desire to become a Jesuit, and in 1580 he was admitted to his first vows. At Rome he took holy orders, and at about the age of five and twenty undertook the dangerous enterprise of removal to England at a time when the penal laws against his co-religionists were fatally severe. For a few years he lay *perdu*, officiating for his fellow Catholics in secret, "helping and gaining souls," and writing to Rome of the posture of affairs in the country given over so strongly to the enemy. Despite all his disguises, his earnestness in mastering such topics of conversation as should tend to remove suspicion of his real character and leave him free to the exercise of his faith, Southwell was captured in 1592. Thanks to Elizabethan law the very presence of a Jesuit in this country was a matter of treason, and on that charge he was tried, condemned, and in February 1595 was hanged at Tyburn.

When at Rome Southwell was known to write much, both poetry and prose, but it was not until shortly after his death that his first poems were published, and then of course without any name being attached to them. They were at once popular with many readers and were reprinted not only in London, but also—with their author's initials—at Douay. His writings were such as to suggest the zealot marked out for martyrdom; not only are they devoted to religious themes, but the author explicitly deprecated the giving over of poetry to amorous, worldly and secular matters,—he even went the length of taking a known poem of the latter character and rewriting it as a devotional one to show how easily and effectively the muse might be made to serve the cause of religion. Southwell's work had a distinct effect on several of the smaller writers of the great age, and perhaps we may even trace it in the more remarkable work of his successor Donne. Ben Jonson, writing to the third of the poets represented in this booklet, declared that could he have claimed "The Burning Babe" as his own he would have been content to destroy much that he had written. That poem

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is indeed like a bit of Blake written a couple of centuries before the time of that mystic.

II

HENRY CONSTABLE (1562-1613) was a son of Sir Robert Constable of Newark. At the age of sixteen he matriculated at St John's College, Cambridge, and early in life, despite his Protestant upbringing, became a Roman Catholic; as such England—as we saw in the case of his contemporary Southwell—was no safe place for him. He went to France and remained there many years. His religion was not apparently of the zealous character of his fellow poet's, for not only did he not devote his poetic talent entirely to religious themes, but he was in correspondence with the English Court seemingly in the capacity of spy. He returned to England on the accession of James without having secured the essential permit to do so, and was shortly afterwards taken and put in the Tower where he remained presumably for about a year. He died at Liège in October 1613.

Constable enjoyed considerable popularity as poet in his day. He wrote much in the sonnet form widely practised by writers of his time—indeed he shares with Sidney the honour of being first introducer into this country of the Italian sonnet form. The first book of his of which we have record is his sonnet sequence "Diana" (1592), whilst he further wrote—as if to show that his muse was not entirely given over to worldly matters—a series of "Spiritual Sonnets." The best that he wrote in this form is excellent indeed, as will be seen herein; though in many of the poems he echoes the conceits which were among the commonest poetical "properties" of the period, at times he could strike a deeper note. In his pastoral poems he appears in a more individual style, while his pieces of this character are marked by the ease and grace characteristic of the best lyrical poetry of the day. One of these pastorals, "The Shepherd's Song of Venus and Adonis," has, apart from its inherent interest, a special value as being, according to some authorities,

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the poem which suggested to Shakespeare his greater poem on the same theme. That Constable, whatever might be his difficulties with the authorities over his religious differences, was popular as a poet is sufficiently shown by the references to him in contemporary literature. In "The Return from Parnassus," written at about the time that the poet made his unauthorised return from the Continent, for example, Constable stands second upon the list of eleven poets, "good men and true," whom Ingenioso asks Judicio to "censure." Judicio deals briefly but pointedly and punningly with Constable—

"Sweet Constable doth take the wondering ear,
And lays it up in willing prisonment."

III

WILLIAM DRUMMOND of Hawthornden (1585-1649) was a more voluminous writer than either of those with whom he is here associated, and he is also a writer more frequently represented in the anthologies. He was the eldest son of John Drummond, laird of Hawthornden, a few miles from Edinburgh. The poet was educated at Edinburgh High School and University, and in 1606 when *en route* for the Continent to study law he paid his first visit to London. After passing two or three years studying in France he in 1609 returned to Scotland, paying his second visit to London in the following year. On his return home after that visit he became laird of Hawthornden by his father's death, and thenceforward rarely left the place with which his name is now ever wedded. His first poem, an elegy on the death of Prince Henry, was published in 1613. In the following year he married, but his wife did not long survive, and in 1616 he published a volume of poems inspired by his love for her and his grief at her early loss. Drummond had many friends and correspondents in London, and in 1618 Ben Jonson walked thence to Edinburgh, and there made the Scots poet's acquaintance, staying with him for two or three

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weeks. A pleasant story which one would like to think true has it that the walk was undertaken simply with the object of becoming acquainted with his fellow poet. In 1626 we find Drummond in something of an unexpected light seeking to patent a number of mechanical inventions mostly connected with military science. In 1632 he married again. Marriage and mechanics had not however altogether supplanted the muse, for in 1633 he furnished the poems and speeches called for by Charles the First's Edinburgh Coronation. The execution of the king is said to have hastened Drummond's death ; he died at Hawthornden on April 4th, 1649.

Drummond's poetry, it has sometimes been objected, is the poetry of a learned rather than of an inspired writer ; but in some of his sonnets, and frequently in his songs and madrigals, he has a spontaneity, and a lyric sweetness which are likely long to delight all who care for poetry.

WALTER JERROLD.



Robert Southwell

[In preparing the Southwell text I have been enabled to correct many long-standing misprints by reference to Dr Grosart's edition of Southwell's Poems in the *Fuller Worthies Library*: the best edition of Southwell hitherto printed.—J.R.T.]

The Burning Babe

As I in hoary Winter's night
 Stood shivering in the snow,
Surprised I was with sudden heat,
 Which made my heart to glow ;
And lifting up a fearful eye
 To view what fire was near,
A pretty Babe, all burning bright,
 Did in the air appear,
Who, scorched with excessive heat,
 Such floods of tears did shed,
As though His floods should quench His flames
 Which with His tears were fed.
"Alas," quoth He, "but newly born,
 In fiery heats I fry ;
Yet none approach to warm their hearts
 Or feel My fire but I.
My faultless breast the furnace is,
 The fuel, wounding thorns,
Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke,
 The ashes, shame and scorns.
The fuel Justice layeth on,
 And Mercy blows the coals,
The metal in this furnace wrought
 Are men's defiled souls,

Robert Southwell

For which, as now on fire I am
To work them to their good,
So will I melt into a bath
To wash them in My blood."
With this He vanished out of sight,
And swiftly shrunk away ;
And straight I callèd unto mind
That it was Christmas day.

A Child my Choice

LET folly praise that fancy loves, I praise and love
that Child
Whose heart no thought, Whose tongue no word,
Whose hand no deed defiled.
I praise Him most, I love Him best, all praise and
love is His ;
While Him I love, in Him I live, and cannot live
amiss.
Love's sweetest mark, laud's highest theme, man's
most desired light,
To love Him life, to leave Him death, to live in Him
delight.
He mine by gift, I His by debt, thus each to other due,
First friend He was, best friend He is, all times will
try Him true.
Though young, yet wise, though small, yet strong ;
though man, yet GOD He is ;
As wise He knows, as strong He can, as GOD He loves
to bliss.
His knowledge rules, His strength defends, His love
doth cherish all ;
His birth our joy, His life our light, His death our end
of thrall.
Alas ! He weeps, He sighs, He pants, yet do His
angels sing ;
Out of His tears, His sighs and throbs, doth bud a
joyful spring.

Robert Southwell

Almighty Babe ! Whose tender arms can force all
foes to fly,
Correct my faults, protect my life, direct me when I
die.

Man's Civil War

My hovering thoughts would fly to heaven,
And quiet nestle in the sky ;
Fain would my ship in Virtue's shore
Without remove at anchor lie.

ship

But mounting thoughts are haulèd down
With heavy poise of mortal load ;
And blust'ring storms deny my ship
In Virtue's haven secure abode.

storm

When inward eye to heavenly sights
Doth draw my longing heart's desire,
The world with jesses of delights
Would to her perch my thoughts retire.

*cannot
tempt*

Fond Fancy trains to Pleasure's lure,
Though Reason stiffly do repine ;
Though Wisdom woo me to the saint,
Yet Sense would win me to the shrine.

*Reason
vs Reason
wisdom*

Where Reason loathes, there Fancy loves,
And overrules the captive will ;
Foes senses are to Virtue's lore,
They draw the wit their wish to fill.

Need craves consent of soul to sense,
Yet divers bents breed civil fray ;
Hard hap where halves must disagree,
Or truce of halves the whole betray !

warfare

Robert Southwell

O cruel fight ! where fighting friend
With love doth kill a favouring foe,
Where peace with sense is war with God,
And self-delight the seed of woe !

Dame Pleasure's drugs are steeped in sin,
Their sugared taste doth breed annoy ;
O fickle sense ! beware her gin,
Sell not thy soul to brittle joy !

Scorn not the Least

WHERE words are weak and foes encount'ring strong,
Where mightier do assault than do defend,
The feebl' part puts up enforced wrong,
And silent sees that speech could not amend.
Yet higher powers must think, though they repine,
When sun is set, the little stars will shine.

¶ While pike doth range the silly tench doth fly,
And crouch in privy creeks with smaller fish ;
Yet pikes are caught when little fish go by,
These fleet afloat while those do fill the dish.
There is a time even for the worm to creep,
And suck the dew while all her foes do sleep.

The merlin cannot ever soar on high,
Nor greedy greyhound still pursue the chase ;
The tender lark will find a time to fly,
And fearful hare to run a quiet race :
He that high growth on cedars did bestow,
Gave also lowly mushrooms leave to grow.

In Aman's pomp poor Mardocheus wept,
Yet God did turn his fate upon his foe ;
The lazar pined while Dives' feast was kept,
Yet he to heaven, to hell did Dives go.
We trample grass, and prize the flowers of May,
Yet grass is green when flowers do fade away.

Robert Southwell

Look Home

RETIREÐ thoughts enjoy their own delights,
As beauty doth in self-beholding eye ;
Man's mind a mirror is of heavenly sights,
A brief wherein all marvels summèd lie,
Of fairest forms and sweetest shapes the store,
Most graceful all, yet thought may grace them more.

*himself
conceit
+
true of the heart*

The mind a creature is, yet can create,
To Nature's patterns adding higher skill ;
Of finest works wit better could the state
If force of wit had equal power of will :
Device of man in working hath no end ;
What thought can think another thought can mend.

Man's soul of endless beauties image is,
Drawn by the work of endless skill and might ;
This skilful might gave many sparks of bliss,
And to discern this bliss, a native light ;
To frame God's image as His worth required
His might, His skill, His word and will conspired.

All that he had His image should present,
All that it should present he could afford,
To that he could afford his will was bent,
His will was followed with performing word ;
Let this suffice, by this conceive the rest,—
He should, he could, he would, he did the best.

Times go by Turns

THE loppèd tree in time may grow again,
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower ;
The sorriest wight may find release of pain,
The driest soil suck in some moist'ning shower ;
Times go by turns, and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

Robert Southwell

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow,
She draws her favours to the lowest ebb ;
Her tide hath equal times to come and go,
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web ;
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

Not always fall of leaf nor ever spring,
No endless night, yet not eternal day ;
The saddest birds a season find to sing,
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay :
Thus with succeeding turns God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost ;
The net that holds no great, takes little fish ;
In some things all, in all things none are cross'd,
Few all they need, but none have all they wish ;
Unmingled joys here to no man befall :
Who least, hath some ; who most, hath never all.

★ Love's Servile Lot

LOVE mistress is of many minds
Yet few know whom they serve ;
They reckon least how little Love
Their service doth deserve.

The will she robbeth from the wit,
The sense from reason's lore ;
She is delightful in the rind,
Corrupted in the core.

She shroudeth Vice in Virtue's veil ;
Pretending good in ill ;
She off'reth joy, affordeth grief,
A Kiss, where she doth kill.

Robert Southwell

A honey-shower rains from her lips,
Sweet lights shine in her face ;
She hath the blush of virgin mind,
The mind of viper's race.

She makes thee seek, yet fear to find ;
To find but not enjoy ;
In many frowns some gliding smiles
She yields, to more annoy.

She woos thee to come near her fire,
Yet doth she draw it from thee ;
Far off she makes thy heart to fry,
And yet to freeze within thee.

She letteth fall some luring baits
For fools to gather up ;
Too sweet, too sour, to every taste
She tempereth her cup.

Soft souls she binds in tender twist,
Small flies in spinner's web,
She sets afloat some luring streams,
But makes them soon to ebb.

Her wat'ry eyes have burning force ;
Her floods and flames conspire ;
Tears kindle sparks, sobs fuel are,
And sighs do blow her fire.

May never was the month of love,
For May is full of flowers,
But rather April, wet by kind,
For love is full of showers.

Like tyrant, cruel wounds she gives,
Like surgeon, salve she lends ;
But salve and sore have equal force,
For death is both their ends.

Robert Southwell

With soothing words enthralled souls
She chains in servile bands ;
Her eye in silence hath a speech
Which eye best understands.

Her little sweet hath many sours ;
Short hap immortal harms ;
Her loving looks are murd'ring darts,
Her songs bewitching charms.

Like Winter rose and Summer ice
Her joys are still untimely ;
Before her Hope, behind Remorse :
Fair first, in fine unseemly.

Moods, passions, fancies, jealous fits,
Attend upon her train ;
She yieldeth rest without repose,
And heaven in hellish pain.

Her house is Sloth, her door Deceit,
And slippery Hope her stairs ;
Unbashful boldness bids her guests,
And every vice repairs.

Her diet is of such delights
As please till they be past ;
But then the poison kills the heart
That did entice the taste.

Her sleep in sin doth end in wrath,
Remorse rings her awake ;
Death calls her up, Shame drives her out,
Despairs her upshot make.

Plow not the seas, sow not the sands,
Leave off your idle pain ;
Seek other mistress for your minds,
Love's service is in vain.

Robert Southwell

Content and Rich

I DWELL in Grace's court,
Enriched with Virtue's rights ;
Faith guides my wit ; Love leads my will,
Hope all my mind delights.

In lowly vales I mount
To Pleasure's highest pitch ;
My silly shroud true honours brings,
My poor estate is rich.

My conscience is my crown,
Contented thoughts my rest ;
My heart is happy in itself,
My bliss is in my breast.

Enough I reckon wealth ;
A mean the surest lot,
That lies too high for base contempt,
Too low for envy's shot.

My wishes are but few,
All easy to fulfil,
I make the limits of my poure
The bounds unto my will.

I have no hopes but one,
Which is of heavenly reign :
Effects attained, or not desired,
All lower hopes refrain.

I feel no care of coin,
Well-doing is my wealth :
My mind to me an empire is,
While grace affordeth health.

Robert Southwell

I clip high-climbing thoughts,
The wings of swelling pride :
Their fall is worst, that from the height
Of greatest honours slide.

Sith sails of largest size
The storm doth soonest tear :
I bear so low and small a sail
As freeth me from fear.

I wrestle not with rage
While Fury's flame doth burn ;
It is in vain to stop the stream
Until the tide do turn.

But when the flame is out,
And ebbing wrath doth end,
I turn a late enraged foe
Into a quiet friend ;

And, taught with often proof,
A tempered calm I find
To be most solace to itself,
Best cure for angry mind.

Spare diet is my fare,
My clothes more fit than fine :
I know I feed and clothe a foe
That pampered would repine.

I envy not their hap
Whom favour doth advance :
I take no pleasure in their pain
That have less happy chance.

To rise by others' fall
I deem a losing gain ;
All states with others' ruins built,
To ruin run amain.

Robert Southwell

No change of Fortune's calms
Can cast my comforts down ;
When Fortune smiles, I smile to think
How quickly she will frown ;

And when in froward mood
She proves an angry foe,
Small gain I found to let her come,
Less loss to let her go.

A Vale of Tears

A VALE there is, enwrapped with dismal shades,
Which, thick with mournful pines, shrouds from the
sun ;

Where hanging cliffs yield short and dumpish glades,
And snowy flood with broken streams doth run :

Where eye-roam is from rocks to cloudy sky,
From thence to dales with stony ruins strowed,
Then to the crushed water's frothy fry,
Which tumbleth from the tops where snow is thawed.

Where ears of other sound can have no choice,
But various blustering of the stubborn wind
In trees, in caves, in straits with divers noise,
Which now doth hiss, now howl, now roar by kind :

Where waters wrestle with encountering stones
That break their streams and turn them into foam ;
The hollow clouds, full fraught with thundering groans,
With hideous thumps discharge their pregnant
womb.

And in the horror of this fearful quire
Consists the music of this doleful place ;
All pleasant birds their tunes from thence retire,
Where none but heavy notes have any grace.

Robert Southwell

Resort there is of none but pilgrim-wights,
That pass with trembling foot and panting heart ;
With terror cast in cold and shuddering frights,
They judge the place to terror framed by art.

Yet Nature's work it is, by art untouched ;
So strait indeed, so vast unto the eye,
With such disordered order strangely couched,
And so, with pleasing horror, low and high,—

That who it views must needs remain aghast,
Much at the work, more at the Maker's might ;
And muse how Nature such a plot could cast,
Where nothing seemed wrong, yet nothing right.

A place for mated minds, an only bower
Where every thing doth soothe a pensive mood ;
Earth lies forlorn, the cloudy sky doth lour,
The wind here weeps, here sighs, here cries aloud.

The struggling flood between the marble groans,
Then roaring beats upon the craggy sides ;
A little off, amid the pebble stones,
With bubbling streams and purling noise it glides.

The pines thick set, high grown, and ever green,
Still clothe the place with shade and mourning veil ;
Here gaping cliff, there moss-grown plain is seen ;
Here hope doth spring, and there again doth quail.

Huge massy stones that hang by tickle stay,
Still threaten fall, and seem to hang in fear ;
Some withered trees, ashamed of their decay,
Beset with green, are forced gray coats to wear.

Here crystal springs crept out of secret vein
Straight find some envious hole that hides their
grace ;
Here serèd tufts lament the want of rain,
There thunder-wrack gives terror to the place.

Robert Southwell

All pangs and heavy passions here may find
A thousand motives suited to their griefs,
To feed the sorrows of their troubled mind,
And chase away dame Pleasure's vain reliefs.

To plainning thoughts this vale a rest may be,
To which from worldly joys they may retire,
Where Sorrow springs from water, stone, and tree ;
Where every thing with mourners doth conspire.

Set here, my soul, main streams of tears afloat,
Here all thy sinful foils alone recount,
Of solemn tunes make thou the dolefull'st note,
That to thy ditty's dolor may amount.

When Echo doth repeat thy plaintful cries
Think that the very stones thy sins bewray,
And now accuse thee with their sad replies,
As heaven and earth shall in the later day.

Let former faults be fuel of the fire,
For grief, in limbeck of thy heart, to 'still
Thy pensive thoughts and dumps of thy desire,
And vapour tears up to thy eyes at will.

Let tears to tunes, and pains to plaints be press'd,
And let this be the burden of thy song :
Come, deep Remorse, possess my sinful breast ;
Delights, adieu ! I harbour'd you too long.

Upon the Image of Death

BEFORE my face the picture hangs
That daily should put me in mind
Of those cold names and bitter pangs
That shortly I am like to find :
But yet, alas ! full little I
Do think thereon, that I must die.

Robert Southwell

I often look upon a face
Most ugly, grisly, bare and thin ;
I often view the hollow place
Where eyes and nose had sometimes been :
I see the bones across that lie,
Yet little think that I must die.

I read the label underneath,
That telleth me whereto I must ;
I see the sentence eke that saith :
"Remember, man, that thou art dust."
But yet, alas ! but seldom I
Do think indeed that I must die.

Continually at my bed's head
A hearse doth hang, which doth me tell
That I ere morning may be dead,
Though now I feel myself full well :
But yet, alas ! for all this, I
Have little mind that I must die.

The gown which I do use to wear,
The knife wherewith I cut my meat,
And eke that old and ancient chair
Which is my only usual seat :
All these do tell me I must die,
And yet my life amend not I.

My ancestors are turned to clay,
And many of my mates are gone ;
My youngers daily drop away,
And can I think to 'scape alone ?
No, no, I know that I must die,
And yet my life amend not I.

Not Solomon, for all his wit,
Nor Samson, though he were so strong,
No king nor person ever yet
Could 'scape, but Death laid him along :
Wherefore I know that I must die,
And yet my life amend not I.

Robert Southwell

Though all the East did quake to hear
Of Alexander's dreadful name,
And all the West did likewise fear
To hear of Julius Cæsar's fame,
Yet both by Death in dust now lie ;
Who then can 'scape, but he must die ?

If none can 'scape Death's dreadful dart ;
If rich and poor his beck obey ;
If strong, if wise, if all do smart,
Then I to 'scape shall have no way.
Oh ! grant me grace, O God ! that I
My life may mend, sith I must die.

Life is but Loss

By force I live, in will I wish to die ;
In plaint I pass the length of ling'ring days ;
Free would my soul from mortal body fly
And tread the track of death's desired ways :
Life is but loss where death is deemèd gain,
And loathèd pleasures breed displeasing pain.

Who would not die to kill all murd'ring griefs ?
Or who would live in never-dying fears ?
Who would not wish his treasure safe from thieves,
And quit his heart from pangs, his eyes from tears ?
Death parteth but two ever-fighting foes,
Whose civil strife doth work our endless woes.

Life is a wand'ring course to doubtful rest,
As oft a cursèd rise to damning leap,
As happy race to win a heavenly crest ;
None being sure what final fruits to reap :
And who can like in such a life to dwell,
Whose ways are strait to heaven, but wide to hell ?

Robert Southwell

Come, cruel death, why ling'rest thou so long ?
What doth withhold thy dint from fatal stroke ?
Now press'd I am, alas ! thou dost me wrong
To let me live, more anger to provoke :
Thy right is had when thou hast stopp'd my breath,
Why shouldst thou stay to work my double death ?

If Saul's attempt in falling on his blade
As lawful were as ethe to put in ure ;¹
If Samson's leave a common law were made ;
Of Abel's lot if all that would were sure ;
Then, cruel Death, thou shouldst the tyrant play
With none but such as wishèd for delay.

Where life is loved thou ready art to kill,
And to abridge with sudden pangs their joy ;
Where life is loath'd thou wilt not work their will,
But dost adjourn their death to their annoy.
To some thou art a fierce unbidden guest ;
But those that crave thy help thou helpest least.

Avaunt, O viper ! I thy spite defy ;
There is a God that overrules thy force,
Who can thy weapons to His will apply,
And shorten or prolong our brittle course :
I on His mercy, not thy might rely ;
To Him I live, for Him I hope to die.

¹ As lawful as it were easy to put in practice.

Henry Constable

The Shepherd's Song of Venus and Adonis

VENUS fair did ride, Silver doves they drew her,
By the pleasant lawnds Ere the sun did rise ;
Vesta's beauty rich Opened wide to view her,
Philomel records Pleasing harmonies.

Every bird of spring Cheerfully did sing,
Paphos' goddess they salute ;
Now Love's queen so fair, Had of mirth no care,
For her son had made her mute.

In her breast so tender He a shaft did enter,
When her eyes beheld a boy ;
Adonis was he named, By his mother shamed,
Yet he now is Venus' joy.

Him alone she met, Ready bound for hunting,
Him she kindly greets, And his journey stays ;
Him she seeks to kiss No devices wanting,
Him her eyes still woo, Him her tongue still prays.
He with blushing red Hangeth down the head
Not a kiss can he afford ;

His face is turn'd away, Silence said her nay,
Still she woo'd him for a word.

"Speak," she said, "thou fairest, Beauty thou
impairest ;

See me, I am pale and wan.
Lovers all adore me, I for love implore thee" ;
Crystal tears with that down ran.

Henry Constable

Him herewith she forced To come sit down by her,
She his neck embracèd, Gazing in his face ;
He, like one transform'd, Stirr'd no look to eye her,
Every herb did woo him Growing in that place.
Each bird with a ditty, Prayèd him for pity

In behalf of Beauty's queen ;
Waters' gentle murmur Cravèd him to love her,
Yet no liking could be seen.

"Boy," she said, "look on me ; Still I gaze upon
thee ;

Speak, I pray thee, my delight !"
Coldly he replied, And in brief denied
To bestow on her a sight.

"I am now too young To be won by beauty,
Tender are my years, I am yet a bud."

"Fair thou art," she said, "Then it is thy duty,
Wert thou but a blossom, To effect my good.

Every beauteous flower Boasteth in my power,
Birds and beasts my laws effect ;

Myrrha, thy fair mother, Most of any other
Did my lovely hests respect.

Be with me delighted, Thou shalt be requited,
Every nymph on thee shall tend ;

All the gods shall love thee, Man shall not reprove
thee,

Love himself shall be thy friend."

"Wend thee from me, Venus ; I am not disposèd ;
Thou wring'st me too hard ; Prithee, let me go.

Fie, what a pain it is Thus to be enclosed !
If love begin with labour, It will end in woe."

"Kiss me, I will leave." "Here a kiss receive."

"A short kiss I do it find.

Wilt thou leave me so ? Yet thou shalt not go.

Breathe once more thy balmy wind ;
It smelleth of the myrrh-tree, That to the world did
bring thee ;

Never was perfume so sweet."
When she had thus spoken, She gave him a token,
And their naked bosoms meet.

Henry Constable

"Now," he said, "let's go. Hark, the hounds are crying !

Grisly boar is up ; Huntsmen follow fast."

At the name of boar, Venus seemèd dying,

Deadly coloured pale, Roses overcast.

"Speak," said she, "no more Of following the boar,

Thou, unfit for such a chase.

Course the fearful hare, Venison do not spare.

If thou wilt yield Venus grace,

Shun the boar, I pray thee, Else I still will stay thee."

Herein he vowed to please her mind.

Then her arms enlargèd, Loth she him dischargèd ;

Forth he went as swift as wind.

Thetis Phœbus' steeds In the west retained,

Hunting-sport was past, Love her love did seek.

Sight of him too soon, Gentle queen, she gained ;

On the ground he lay, Blood had left his cheek.

For an orped swine Smit him in the groin ;

Deadly wound his death did bring.

Which when Venus found, She fell in a swoond,

And, awaked, her hands did wring.

Nymphs and satyrs skipping, Came together tripping,

Echo every cry express'd ;

Venus by her power Turn'd him to a flower,

Which she weareth in her crest.

Henry Constable

A Pastoral Song between Phyllis and Amaryllis, Two Nymphs, each answering other line for line.

FIE on the sleights that men devise,
Heigho, silly sleights !
When simple maids they would entice,
Maids are young men's chief delights.
Nay, women they witch with their eyes,
Eyes like beams of burning sun,
And men once caught, they soon despise,
So are shepherds oft undone.

If any young man win a maid,
Happy man is he ;
By trusting him she is betray'd,
Fie upon such treachery !
If maids win young men with their guiles,
Heigho, guileful grief !
They deal like weeping crocodiles,
That murder men without relief.

I know a simple country hind,
Heigho, silly swain !
To whom fair Daphne proved unkind :
Was he not kind to her again ?
He vowed by Pan with many an oath,
Heigho, shepherd's god is he !
Yet since hath changed and broke his troth,
Troth-plight broke will plaguèd be.

Henry Constable

She had deceived many a swain,
Fie on false deceit !
And plighted troth to them in vain,
There can be no grief more great.
Her measure was with measure paid,
Heigho, heigho, equal meed !
She was beguiled that had betray'd,
So shall deceivers speed.

If every maid were like to me,
Heigho, hard of heart !
Both love and lovers scorn'd should be,
Scorners shall be sure of smart.
If every maid were of my mind,
Heigho, heigho, lovely sweet !
They to their lovers should prove kind,
Kindness is for maidens meet.

Methinks, love is an idle toy,
Heigho, busy pain !
Both wit and sense it doth annoy,
Both sense and wit thereby we gain.
Tush, Phyllis, cease ! be not so coy,
Heigho, heigho, coy disdain !
I know you love a shepherd's boy,
Fie that maidens so should feign.

Well, Amaryllis, now I yield,
Shepherds, pipe aloud !
Love conquers both in town and field,
Like a tyrant fierce and proud.
The evening star is up, ye see,
Vesper shines, we must away ;
Would every lover might agree !
So we end our roundelay.

Henry Constable

Damelus' Song to his Diaphenia

DIAPHENIA, like the daffadowndilly,
White as the sun, fair as the lily,
 Heigho, how I do love thee !
I do love thee as my lambs
Are belovèd of their dams :
 How blest were I if thou wouldst prove me !

Diaphenia, like the spreading roses,
That in thy sweets all sweets encloses,
 Fair sweet, how I do love thee !
I do love thee as each flower
Loves the sun's life-giving power ;
 For dead, thy breath to life might move me.

Diaphenia, like to all things blessèd,
When all thy praises are expressèd,
 Dear joy, how I do love thee !
As the birds do love the Spring,
Or the bees their careful king :
 Then in requite, sweet virgin, love me !

To his Flocks

FEED on, my flocks, securely,
Your shepherd watcheth surely :
Run about, my little lambs,
Skip and wanton with your dams,
 Your loving herd with care will tend ye.
Sport on, fair flocks, at pleasure,
Nip Vesta's flow'ring treasure ;
I myself will duly hark,
When my watchful dog doth bark ;
 From wolf and fox I will defend ye.

Henry Constable

Of his mistress: upon occasion of her walking in a Garden

My lady's presence makes the roses red,
Because to see her lips they blush for shame :
The lilies' leaves, for envy, pale became,
And her white hands in them this envy bred.
The marigold abroad her leaves doth spread,
Because the sun's and her power is the same ;
The violet of purple colour came,
Dyed with the blood she made my heart to shed.
In brief—all flowers from her their virtue take :
From her sweet breath their sweet smells do proceed,
The living heat which her eye-beams do make
Warmeth the ground, and quickeneth the seed.
The rain wherewith she watereth these flowers
Falls from mine eyes, which she dissolves in showers.

If true love might true love's reward obtain,
Dumb wonder only could speak of my joy ;
But too much worth hath made thee too much coy,
And told me long ago—I loved in vain.
Not then vain hope of undeserved gain
Hath made me paint in verses mine annoy,
But for thy pleasure ; that thou might'st enjoy
Thy beauties' sight, in glasses of my pain.
See then thy self, though me thou wilt not hear,
By looking on my verse : for pain in verse
Love doth in pain, beauty in love appear.
So, if thou would'st my verses' meaning see,
Expound them thus : When I my love rehearse,
None loves like him ;—that is, none fair like me.

Henry Constable

LADY ! in beauty and in favour rare,
Of favour, not of due, I favour crave :
Nature to thee beauty and favour gave,
Fair then thou art, and favour thou may'st spare.
And when on me bestowed your favours are,
Less favour in your face you shall not have :
If favour then a wounded soul may save,
Of murder's guilt, dear lady, then beware,
My loss of life a million-fold were less
Than the least loss should unto you befall ;
Yet grant this gift : which gift when I possess,
Both I have life, and you no loss at all ;
For by your favour only I do live ;
And favour you may well both keep and give.

WONDER it is, and pity is't, that she
In whom all Beauty's treasure we may find,
That may enrich the body and the mind,
Towards the poor should use no charity.
My love is gone a-begging unto thee ;
And if that Beauty had not been more kind
Than Pity, long ere this he had been pined ;—
But Beauty is content his food to be.
Oh, pity have, when such poor orphans beg !
Love, naked boy, hath nothing on his back ;
And though he wanteth neither arm nor leg,
Yet maimed he is, sith he his sight doth lack.
And yet, though blind, he Beauty can behold,
And yet, though naked, he feels more heat than cold.

PITY refusing my poor love to feed,
A beggar starved for want of help he lies,
And at your mouth, the door of beauty, cries—
That thence some alms of sweet grants may proceed.
But as he waiteth for some almes-deed
A cherry-tree before the door he spies—
"Oh dear !" quoth he, "two cherries may suffice,
Two only, life may save in this my need."

Henry Constable

But beggars can they naught but cherries eat ?
Pardon my Love, he is a goddess' son,
And never feedeth but on dainty meat,
Else need he not to pine as he hath done :
For only the sweet fruit of this sweet tree
Can give food to my Love, and life to me.

Of his Mistress : upon occasion of a friend of his which dissuaded him from loving

A FRIEND of mine moaning my helpless love,
Hoping, by killing hope, my love to slay ;
"Let not," quoth he, "thy hope thy heart betray,
Impossible it is her heart to move."
But, sith resolvèd love cannot remove
As long as thy divine perfections stay,
Thy godhead then he sought to take away :—
Dear ! seek revenge, and him a liar prove.
Gods only do impossibilities :
"Impossible," saith he, "thy grace to gain !"
Show then the power of thy divinities,
By granting me thy favor to obtain :
So shall thy foe give to himself the lie,
A goddess thou shalt prove, and happy I.

SWEET Hand ! the sweet yet cruel bow thou art
From whence at me five ivory arrows fly ;
So with five wounds at once I wounded lie,
Bearing in breast the print of every dart.
Saint Francis had the like—yet felt no smart,
Where I in living torments never die ;
His wounds were in his hands and feet, where I
All these same helpless wounds feel in my heart.

Henry Constable

Now as Saint Francis (if a saint) am I :
The bow that shot these shafts a relic is,
I mean the Hand—which is the reason why
So many for devotion thee would kiss :
And I thy glove kiss as a thing divine—
Thy arrows' quiver, and thy relics' shrine.

NEEDS must I leave, and yet needs must I love ;
In vain my wit doth paint in verse my woe :
Disdain in thee despair in me doth show
How by my wit I do my folly prove.
All this my heart from love can never move ;
Love is not in my heart, no, lady, no :
My heart is love itself ; till I forego
My heart, I never can my love remove.
How shall I then leave love ? I do intend
Not to crave grace, but yet to wish it still ;
Not to praise thee, but beauty to commend,
And so by beauty's praise, praise thee I will.
For as my heart is love, love not in me,
So beauty thou—beauty is not in thee.

To Our Blessed Lady

SWEET queen ! although thy beauty raise up me
From sight of baser beauties here below ;
Yet let me not rest there, but higher go
To Him, who took His shape from God and thee.
And if thy form in Him more fair I see,
What pleasure from his deity shall flow
By whose fair beams his beauty shineth so,
When I shall it behold eternally !
Then shall my love of pleasure have its fill
When Beauty's self, in whom all pleasure is,
Shall my enamour'd soul embrace and kiss,
And shall new loves and new delights distil
Which from my soul shall gush into my heart,
And through my body flow to every part.

Henry Constable

To Saint Mary Magdalene

SUCH as retired from sight of men, like thee,
By penance seek the joys of heaven to win,
In deserts make their paradise begin,
And even amongst wild beasts do angels see ;
In such a place my soul doth seem to be,
When in my body she laments her sin,
And none but brutal passions finds therein,
Except they be sent down from heaven to me.
Yet if these praises God to me impart,
Which He inspired thy blessed heart withal,
I may find heaven in my retirèd heart !
And if thou change the object of my love,
The wing'd Affection, which men Cupid call,
May get his sight, and like an angel prove.

To Saint Katharine

BECAUSE thou wast the daughter of a King,
Whose beauty did all Nature's works exceed,
And wisdom wonder to the world did breed,
A muse might rouse itself on Cupid's wing ;
But, sith [the graces] which from nature spring
Were graced by those which from grace did proceed,
And glory [have] deserved, my Muse doth need
An angel's feathers when thy praise I sing.
For all in thee became angelical :
An angel's face had angels' purity,
And thou an angel's tongue didst speak withal ;
Lo ! why thy soul, set free by martyrdom,
Was crowned by God in angels' company,
And angels' hands thy body did entomb.

Henry Constable

To Sir Philip Sidney's Soul

GIVE pardon, blessèd soul, to my bold cries,
If they, importune, interrupt thy song,
Which now with joyful notes thou sing'st among
The angel-quiristers of th' heavenly skies.
Give pardon eke, sweet soul, to my slow eyes
That since I saw thee now it is so long,
And yet the tears that unto thee belong
To thee as yet they did not sacrifice.
I did not know that thou wert dead before ;
I did not feel the grief I did sustain ;
The greater stroke astonisheth the more ;
Astonishment takes from us sense of pain ;
I stood amazed when others' tears begun,
And now begin to weep when they have done.

William Drummond

Song

IT autumn was, and on our hemisphere
Fair Erycine¹ began bright to appear ;
Night westward did her gemmy world decline,
And hide her lights, that greater light might shine ;
The crested bird had given alarum twice
To lazy mortals, to unlock their eyes ;
The owl had left to plain, and from each thorn
The wing'd musicians did salute the morn,
Who, while she glass'd her locks in Ganges' streams,
Set open wide the crystal port of dreams ;
When I, whose eyes no drowsy night could close,
In sleep's soft arms did quietly repose,
And, for that heavens to die me did deny,
Death's image kissed, and as dead did lie.
I lay as dead, but scarce charm'd were my cares,
And slaked scarce my sighs, scarce dried my tears,
Sleep scarce the ugly figures of the day
Had with his sable pencil put away,
And left me in a still and calmy mood,
When by my bed methought a virgin stood,
A virgin in the blooming of her prime,
If such rare beauty measur'd be by time.
Her head a garland wore of opals bright,
About her flow'd a gown as pure as light,
Dear amber locks gave umbrage to her face.
Where modesty high majesty did grace ;
Her eyes such beams sent forth, that but with pain
Here weaker sights their sparkling could sustain.

¹ Venus.

William Drummond

No deity feign'd which haunts the silent woods
Is like to her, nor syren of the floods :
Such is the golden planet of the year,
When blushing in the east he doth appear.
Her grace did beauty, voice yet grace did pass,
Which thus through pearls and rubies broken was.

How long wilt thou, said she, estrang'd from joy,
Paint shadows to thyself of false annoy ?
How long thy mind with horrid shapes affright,
And in imaginary evils delight ;
Esteem that loss which, well when view'd, is gain,
Or if a loss, yet not a loss to plain ?
O leave thy tired soul more to molest,
And think that woe when shortest then is best.
If she for whom thou deaf'nest thus the sky
Be dead, what then ? was she not born to die ?
Was she not mortal born ? If thou dost grieve
That times should be in which she should not live,
Ere e'er she was weep that day's wheel was roll'd,
Weep that she liv'd not in the age of gold ;
For that she was not then, thou may'st deplore
As duly as that now she is no more.
If only she had died, thou sure hadst cause
To blame the destines, and heaven's iron laws ;
But look how many millions her advance,
What numbers with her enter in this dance,
With those which are to come : shall heavens them
stay,

And All's fair order break, thee to obey ?
Even as thy birth, death, which doth thee appal,
A piece is of the life of this great All.
Strong cities die, die do high palmy reigns,
And, weakling, thou thus to be handled plains.

If she be dead, then she of loathsome days
Hath past the line, whose length but loss bewrays ;
Then she hath left this filthy stage of care,
Where pleasure seldom, woe doth still repair :
For all the pleasures which it doth contain,
Not countervail the smallest minute's pain.
And tell me, thou who dost so much admire
This little vapour, smoke, this spark, or fire,

William Drummond

Which life is call'd, what doth it thee bequeath
But some few years which birth draws out to death?
Which if thou paragon with lustres run,
And them whose career is but now begun,
In day's great vast they shall far less appear,
Than with the sea when matched is a tear.
But why wouldst thou here longer wish to be?
One year doth serve all nature's pomp to see,
Nay, even one day and night: this moon, that
sun,

Those lesser fires about this round which run,
Be but the same which, under Saturn's reign,
Did the serpentine seasons interchain.
How oft doth life grow less by living long?
And what excelleth but what dieth young?
For age which all abhor, yet would embrace,
Whiles makes the mind as wrinkled as the face;
And when that destinies conspire with worth,
That years not glory wrong, life soon goes forth.
Leave then laments, and think thou didst not live,
Laws to that first eternal cause to give,
But to obey those laws which he hath given,
And bow unto the just decrees of Heaven,
Which can not err, whatever foggy mists
Do blind men in these sublunary lists.

But what if she for whom thou spend'st those groans,
And wastest life's dear torch in ruthless moans,
She for whose sake thou hat'st the joyful light,
Court'st solitary shades, and irksome night,
Doth live? O! if thou canst, through tears, a space
Lift thy dimm'd lights, and look upon this face,
Look if those eyes which, fool, thou didst adore,
Shine not more bright than they were wont before;
Look if those roses death could aught impair,
Those roses to thee once which seem'd so fair;
And if these locks have lost aught of that gold,
Which erst they had when thou them didst behold.
I live, and happy live, but thou art dead,
And still shalt be, till thou be like me made.
Alas! whilst we are wrapt in gowns of earth,
And blind, here suck the air of woe beneath,

William Drummond

Each thing in sense's balances we weigh,
And but with toil and pain the truth descry.

Above this vast and admirable frame.
This temple visible, which World we name,
Within those walls so many lamps do burn,
So many arches opposite do turn,
Where elemental brethren nurse their strife
And by intestine wars maintain their life,
There is a world, a world of perfect bliss,
Pure, immaterial, bright, more far from this
Than that high circle, which the rest enspheres,
Is from this dull ignoble vale of tears ;
A world, where all is found, that here is found,
But further discrepant than heaven and ground.
It hath an earth, as hath this world of yours,
With creatures peopled, stor'd with trees and flow'rs ;
It hath a sea, like sapphire girdle cast,
Which decketh of harmonious shores the vast ;
It hath pure fire, it hath delicious air,
Moon, sun, and stars, heavens wonderfully fair :
But there flow'rs do not fade, trees grow not old,
The creatures do not die through heat nor cold ;
Sea there not tossed is, nor air made black ;
Fire doth not nurse itself on other's wrack ;
There heavens be not constrain'd about to range,
For this world hath no need of any change ;
The minutes grow not hours, hours rise not days,
Days make no months but ever-blooming Mays.

Here I remain, but hitherward do tend
All who their span of days in virtue spend :
Whatever pleasure this low place contains,
It is a glance but of what high remains.
Those who, perchance, think there can nothing be
Without this wide expansion which they see,
And that nought else mounts stars' circumference,
For that nought else is subject to their sense,
Feel such a case, as one whom some abysm
Of the deep ocean kept had all his time ;
Who born and nourish'd there, can scarcely dream
That ought can live without that briny stream ;
Cannot believe that there be temples, towers,

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William Drummond

Which go beyond his caves and dampish bowers,
Or there be other people, manners, laws,
Than them he finds within the roaring waves ;
That sweeter flow'rs do spring than grow on rocks,
Or beasts be which excel the scaly flocks ;
That other elements be to be found,
Than is the water, and this ball of ground.
But think that man from those abysms were brought,
And saw what curious nature here hath wrought,
Did see the meads, the tall and shady woods,
The hills did see, the clear and ambling floods,
The diverse shapes of beasts which kinds forth bring,
The feathered troops, that fly and sweetly sing ;
Did see the palaces, the cities fair,
The form of human life, the fire, the air,
The brightness of the sun that dims his sight,
The moon, the ghastly splendours of the night :
What uncouth rapture would his mind surprise !
How would he his late-dear resort despise !
How would he muse how foolish he had been
To think nought be, but what he there had seen !
Why did we get this high and vast desire,
Unto immortal things still to aspire ?
Why doth our mind extend it beyond time,
And to that highest happiness even climb,
If we be nought but what to sense we seem,
And dust, as most of worldlings us esteem ?
We be not made for earth, though here we come,
More than the embryo for the mother's womb ;
It weeps to be made free, and we complain
To leave this loathsome jail of care and pain.

But thou who vulgar footsteps dost not trace,
Learn to raise up thy mind unto this place,
And what earth-creeping mortals most affect,
If not at all to scorn, yet to neglect :
O chase not shadows vain, which, when obtain'd,
Were better lost, than with such travail gain'd.
Think that on earth, which humans greatness call,
Is but a glorious title to live thrall ;
That sceptres, diadems, and chairs of state,
Not in themselves, but to small minds are great ;

William Drummond

How those who loftiest mount do hardest light.
And deepest falls be from the highest height ;
How fame an echo is, how all renown,
Like to a blasted rose, ere night falls down ;
And though it something were, think how this round
Is but a little point, which doth it bound.
O leave that love which reacheth but to dust,
And in that love eternal only trust,
And beauty, which, when once it is possest,
Can only fill the soul, and make it blest.
Pale envy, jealous emulations, fears,
Sighs, complaints, remorse, here have no place, nor tears ;
False joys, vain hopes, here be not, hate nor wrath ;
What ends all love, here most augments it, death.
If such force had the dim glance of an eye,
Which some few days thereafter was to die,
That it could make thee leave all other things,
And like the taper-fly there burn thy wings ;
And if a voice, of late which could but wail,
Such pow'r had, as through ears thy soul to steal ;
If once thou on that only Fair couldst gaze,
What flames of love would he within thee raise !
In what a mazing maze would it thee bring,
To hear but once that quire celestial sing !
The fairest shapes on which thy love did seize,
Which erst did breed delight, then would displease,
Then discords hoarse were earth's enticing sounds,
All music but a noise which sense confounds.
This great and burning glass that clears all eyes,
And musters with such glory in the skies ;
That silver star which with its sober light
Makes day oft envy the eye-pleasing night ;
Those golden letters which so brightly shine
In heaven's great volume gorgeously divine ;
The wonders all in sea, in earth, in air,
Be but dark pictures of that sovereign Fair ;
Be tongues, which still thus cry unto your ear,
(Could ye amidst world's cataracts them hear,)
From fading things, fond wights, lift your desire,
And in our beauty, his, us made, admire :
If we seem fair, O think how fair is he

William Drummond

Of whose fair fairness shadows, steps, we be.
No shadow can compare it with the face,
No step with that dear foot which did it trace ;
Your souls immortal are, then place them hence,
And do not drown them in the must of sense :
Do not, O do not, by false pleasures' might
Deprive them of that true and sole delight.
That happiness ye seek is not below ;
Earth's sweetest joy is but disguised woe.
Here did she pause, and with a mild aspect
Did towards me those lamping twins direct ;
The wonted rays I knew, and thrice essay'd
To answer make, thrice falt'ring tongue it stay'd ;
And while upon that face I fed my sight,
Methought she vanish'd up in Titan's light,
Who gilding with his rays each hill and plain,
Seem'd to have brought the golden world again.

Song

PHŒBUS, arise !
And paint the sable skies
With azure, white, and red ;
Rouse Memnon's mother from her Tithon's bed,
That she may thy career with roses spread ;
The nightingales thy coming each-where sing ;
Make an eternal Spring,
Give life to this dark world which lieth dead ;
Spread forth thy golden hair
In larger locks than thou wast wont before,
And emperor-like, decore
With diadem of pearl thy temples fair :
Chase hence the ugly night,
Which serves but to make dear thy glorious light.
—This is that happy morn,
That day, long-wishèd day,
Of all my life so dark
(If cruel stars have not my ruin sworn,

William Drummond

And fates not hope betray),
Which, only white, deserves
An everlasting diamond should it mark :
This is the morn should bring unto this grove
My Love, to hear and recompense my love.
Fair King, who all preserves,
But show thy blushing beams,
And thou two sweeter eyes
Shalt see, than those which by Penèus' streams
Did once thy heart surprise ;
Nay, suns, which shine as clear
As thou when two thou did to Rome appear.
Now, Flora, deck thyself in fairest guise ;
If that ye, winds, would hear
A voice surpassing far Amphion's lyre,
Your stormy chiding stay ;
Let Zephyr only breathe,
And with her tresses play,
Kissing sometimes those purple ports of death.
—The winds all silent are,
And Phœbus in his chair,
Ensafroning sea and air,
Makes vanish every star :
Night like a drunkard reels
Beyond the hills to shun his flaming wheels ;
The fields with flowers are deck'd in every hue,
The clouds bespangle with bright gold their blue :
Here is the pleasant place,
And every thing, save her, who all should grace.

I KNOW that all beneath the moon decays,
And what by mortals in this world is brought,
In Time's great periods shall return to nought ;
That fairest states have fatal nights and days :
I know how all the Muse's heavenly lays,
With toil of spright which are so dearly bought,
As idle sounds, of few or none are sought,
And that nought lighter is than airy praise ;
I know frail beauty like the purple flower,
To which one morn oft birth and death affords ;

William Drummond

That love a jarring is of minds' accords, •
Where sense and will invassal reason's power :
 Know what I list, this all can not me move, •
 But that, O me ! I both must write and love.

Now while the Night her sable veil hath spread,
And silently her resty coach doth roll,
Rousing with her from Tethys' azure bed
Those starry nymphs which dance about the pole ;
While Cynthia, in purest cypress clad,
The Latmian shepherd in a trance descries,
And whiles looks pale from height of all the skies,
Whiles dyes her beauties in a bashful red ;
While Sleep, in triumph, closed hath all eyes, •
And birds and beasts a silence sweet do keep, .
And Proteus' monstrous people in the deep,
The winds and waves, husht up, to rest entice ;
 (I wake, muse, weep, and who my heart hath slain
 See still before me to augment my pain.

SLEEP, Silence' child, sweet father of soft rest,
Prince, whose approach peace to all mortals brings,
Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings,
Sole comforter of minds with grief opprest ;
Lo, by thy charming rod all breathing things
Lie slumb'ring, with forgetfulness possest,
And yet o'er me to spread thy drowsy wings
Thou spares, alas ! who cannot be thy guest.
Since I am thine, O come, but with that face
To inward light which thou art wont to show,
With feignèd solace ease a true-felt woe ;
Or if, deaf god, thou do deny that grace,
 Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt bequeath,—
 I long to kiss the image of my death.

AH ! burning thoughts, now let me take some rest,
And your tumultuous broils a while appease ;
Is't not enough, stars, fortune, love molest
Me all at once, but ye must too displease ? •

William Drummond

Let hope, though false, yet lodge within my breast,
My high attempt, though dangerous, yet praise.
What though I trace not right heaven's steepy ways?
It doth suffice, my fall shall make me blest.
I do not doat on days, nor fear not death;
So that my life be brave, what though not long?
Let me renown'd live from the vulgar throng,
And when ye list, Heavens! take this borrowed breath.
Men but like visions are, time all doth claim;
He lives, who dies to win a lasting name.

WITH flaming horns the Bull now brings the year,
Melt do the horrid mountains' helms of snow,
The silver floods in pearly channels flow,
The late bare-woods green anadems do wear:
The nightingale, forgetting winter's woe,
Calls up the lazy morn her notes to hear;
Those flow'rs are spread which names of princes bear,
Some red, some azure, white and golden grow;
Here lows a heifer, there bea-wailing strays
A harmless lamb, not far a stag rebounds;
The shepherds sing to grazing flocks sweet lays,
And all about the echoing air resounds.

Hills, dales, woods, floods, and everything doth
change,
But she in rigour, I in love am strange.

✓
To the delightful green
Of you, fair radiant eyne,
Let each black yield beneath the starry arch.
Eyes, burnish'd Heavens of love,
Sinopie lamps of Jove,
Save that those hearts which with your flames ye parch
Two burning suns you prove,
All other eyes compar'd with you, dear lights,
Be Hells, or if not Hells, yet dumpish nights.
The Heavens, if we their glass
The sea believe, be green, not perfect blue:
They all make fair what every fair yet was,
And they be fair because they look like you.

William Drummond

IN vain I haunt the cold and silver springs,
To quench the fever burning in my veins ;
In vain, love's pilgrim, mountains, dales, and plains,
I overrun ; vain help long absence brings :
In vain, my friends, your counsel me constrains
To fly, and place my thoughts on other things.
Ah ! like the bird that fired hath her wings,
The more I move, the greater are my pains.
Desire, alas ! Desire, a Zeuxis new,
From Indies borrowing gold, from western skies
Most bright cinoper, sets before mine eyes
In every place, her hair, sweet look, and hue :
That fly, run, rest I, all doth prove but vain,
My life lies in those looks which have me slain.

LIKE the Idalian queen,
Her hair about her eyne,
With neck and breast's ripe apples to be seen,
At first glance of the morn,
In Cyprus' gardens gathering those fair flow'rs
Which of her blood were born,
I saw, but fainting saw, my paramours.
The Graces naked danc'd about the place,
The winds and trees amaz'd
With silence on her gaz'd ;
The flow'rs did smile, like those upon her face,
And as their aspen stalks those fingers band, .
That she might read my case,
A hyacinth I wish'd me in her hand.

DEAR chorister, who from those shadows sends,
Ere that the blushing Dawn dare show her light,
Such sad lamenting strains, that night attends
(Become all ear), stars stay to hear thy plight ;
If one whose grief even reach of thought transcends,
Who ne'er (not in a dream) did taste delight,
May thee importune who like case pretends,
And seems to joy in woe, in woe's despite ;

William Drummond

Tell me (so may thou fortune milder try,
And long, long sing) for what thou thus complains,
Sith, winter gone, the sun in dappled sky
Now smiles on meadows, mountains, woods, and
plains?

The bird, as if my questions did her move,
With trembling wings sobb'd forth, I love, I love !

TRUST not, sweet soul, those curlèd waves of gold,
With gentle tides which on your temples flow,
Nor temples spread with flakes of virgin snow,
Nor snow of cheeks with Tyrian grain enroll'd ;
Trust not those shining lights which wrought my
woe,

When first I did their burning rays behold,
Nor voice, whose sounds more strange effects do show
Than of the Thracian harper have been told.

Look to this dying lily, fading rose,
Dark hyacinth, of late whose blushing beams
Made all the neighbouring herbs and grass rejoice,
And think how little is 'twixt life's extremes :

The cruel tyrant that did kill those flow'rs,
Shall once, ay me ! not spare that spring of yours.

If crost with all mishaps be my poor life,
If one short day I never spent in mirth,
If my spright with itself holds lasting strife,
If sorrow's death is but new sorrow's birth ;
If this vain world be but a sable stage
Where slave-born man plays to the scoffing stars,
If youth be toss'd with love, with weakness age,
If knowledge serve to hold our thoughts in wars ;
If time can close the hundred mouths of fame,
And make, what long since past, like that to be,
If virtue only be an idle name,
If I, when I was born, was born to die ;

Why seek I to prolong these loathsome days ?
The fairest rose in shortest time decays.

William Drummond

THE sun is fair when he with crimson crown,
And flaming rubies, leaves his eastern bed ;
Fair is Thaumantias in her crystal gown,
When clouds engemm'd hang azure, green, and red :
To western worlds when wearied day goes down,
And from Heaven's windows each star shows her head,
Earth's silent daughter, night, is fair, though brown ;
Fair is the moon, though in love's livery clad ;
Fair Chloris is when she doth paint April,
Fair are the meads, the woods, the floods are fair ;
Fair looketh Ceres with her yellow hair,
And apples' queen when rose-cheek'd she doth smile.
That heaven, and earth, and seas are fair is true,
Yet true that all not please so much as you.

SWEET rose, whence is this hue
Which doth all hues excel ?
Whence this most fragrant smell,
And whence this form and gracing grace in you ?
In flow'ry Pæstum's field perhaps ye grew,
Or Hybla's hills you bred,
Or odoriferous Enna's plains you fed,
Or Tmolus, or where boar young Adon slew ;
Or hath the queen of love you dy'd of new
In that dear blood, which makes you look so red ?
No, none of those, but cause more high you blest,
My lady's breast you bare, and lips you kiss'd.

DEAR wood, and you, sweet solitary place,
Where from the vulgar I estrangèd live,
Contented more with what your shades me give,
Than if I had what Thetis doth embrace ;
What snaky eye, grown jealous of my peace,
Now from your silent horrors would me drive,
When Sun, progressing in his glorious race
Beyond the Twins, doth near our pole arrive ?
What sweet delight a quiet life affords,
And what it is to be of bondage free,

William Drummond

Far from the madding worldling's hoarse discords,
Sweet flow'ry place, I first did learn of thee :

Ah ! if I were mine own, your dear resorts
I would not change with princes' stately courts.

ALEXIS, here she stay'd ; among these pines,
Sweet hermitress, she did alone repair ;
Here did she spread the treasure of her hair,
More rich than that brought from the Colchian mines ;
She set her by these muskèd eglantines,
The happy place the print seems yet to bear ;
Her voice did sweeten here thy sugar'd lines,
To which winds, trees, beasts, birds, did lend their ear.
Me here she first perceiv'd, and here a morn
Of bright carnations did o'erspread her face ;
Here did she sigh, here first my hopes were born,
And I first got a pledge of promis'd grace :

But, ah ! what serv'd it to be happy so,
Sith passèd pleasures double but new woe ?

I FEAR not henceforth death,
Sith after this departure yet I breathe ;
Let rocks, and seas, and wind,
Their highest treasons show ;
Let sky and earth combin'd
Strive, if they can, to end my life and woe ;
Sith grief can not, me nothing can o'erthrow :
Or if that aught can cause my fatal lot,
It will be when I hear I am forgot.

THIS Life, which seems so fair,
Is like a bubble blown up in the air
By sporting children's breath,
Who chase it everywhere,
And strive who can most motion it bequeath :
And though it sometime seem of its own might,
Like to an eye of gold, to be fix'd there,
And firm to hover in that empty height,

William Drummond

That only is because it is so light.
But in that pomp it doth not long appear ;
For even when most admired, it in a thought,
As swelled from nothing, doth dissolve in nought.

MY lute, be as thou wast when thou didst grow
With thy green mother in some shady grove,
When immelodious winds but made thee move,
And birds on thee their ramage did bestow.
Sith that dear Voice which did thy sounds approve,
Which us'd in such harmonious strains to flow,
Is reft from Earth to tune those spheres above,
What art thou but a harbinger of woe ?
Thy pleasing notes be pleasing notes no more,
But orphan wailings to the fainting ear,
Each stop a sigh, each sound draws forth a tear :
Be therefore silent as in woods before,
Or if that any hand to touch thee deign,
Like widow'd turtle, still her loss complain.

SWEET Spring, thou turn'st with all thy goodly
train,
Thy head with flames, thy mantle bright with
flow'rs :
The zephyrs curl the green locks of the plain,
The clouds for joy in pearls weep down their show'rs.
Thou turn'st, sweet youth, but, ah ! my pleasant
hours
And happy days with thee come not again ;
The sad memorials only of my pain
Do with thee turn, which turn my sweets in sours.
Thou art the same which still thou wast before,
Delicious, wanton, amiable, fair ;
But she, whose breath embalm'd thy wholesome air,
Is gone ; nor gold, nor gems, her can restore.
Neglected Virtue, seasons go and come,
While thine, forgot, lie closèd in a tomb.

William Drummond

WHAT doth it serve to see Sun's burning face,
And skies enamell'd with both the Indies' gold,
Or moon at night in jetty chariot roll'd,
And all the glory of that starry place?
What doth it serve earth's beauty to behold,
The mountains' pride, the meadows' flow'ry grace,
The stately comeliness of forests old,
The sport of floods, which would themselves embrace?
What doth it serve to hear the Sylvans' songs,
The wanton merle, the nightingale's sad strains,
Which in dark shades seem to deplore my wrongs?
For what doth serve all that this world contains,
Sith she for whom those once to me were dear,
No part of them can have now with me here?

THE beauty, and the life
Of life's and beauty's fairest paragon,
O tears! O grief! hung at a feeble thread,
To which pale Atropos had set her knife;
The soul with many a groan
Had left each outward part,
And now did take his last leave of the heart;
Nought else did want, save death, even to be dead;
When the afflicted band about her bed,
Seeing so fair him come in lips, cheeks, eyes,
Cried, ah! and can death enter paradise?

MY thoughts hold mortal strife;
I do detest my life,
And with lamenting cries,
Peace to my soul to bring,
Oft call that prince which here doth monarchize;
But he, grim-grinning King,
Who caitiffs scorns, and doth the blest surprise,
Late having deckt with beauty's rose his tomb,
Disdains to crop a weed, and will not come.

William Drummond

Of Phillis

IN petticoat of green,
Her hair about her eyne,
Phillis beneath an oak
Sat milking her fair flock :
Among that strained moisture, rare delight !
Her hand seem'd milk in milk, it was so white.

A Kiss

HARK, happy lovers, hark,
This first and last of joys,
This sweet'ner of annoys,
This nectar of the gods
Ye call a kiss, is with itself at odds ;
And half so sweet is not
In equal measure got
At light of sun, as it is in the dark :
Hark, happy lovers, hark.

Armeline's Epitaph

NEAR to this eglantine
Enclosed lies the milk-white Armeline,
Once Chloris' only joy,
Now only her annoy ;
Who envied was of the most happy swains
That keep their flocks in mountains, dales, or plains ;
For oft she bare the wanton in her arm,
And oft her bed and bosom did he warm :
Now when unkindly Fates did him destroy,
Blest dog, he had the grace,
With tears for him that Chloris wet her face.

William Drummond

The Book of the World

OF this fair volume which we World do name,
If we the sheets and leaves could turn with care,
Of him who it corrects, and did it frame,
We clear might read the art and wisdom rare ;
Find out his power which wildest pow'rs doth tame,
His providence extending everywhere,
His justice which proud rebels doth not spare,
In every page, no, period of the same,
But silly we, like foolish children, rest
Well pleas'd with colour'd vellum, leaves of gold,
Fair dangling ribbons, leaving what is best,
On the great writer's sense ne'er taking hold ;
Or if by chance our minds do muse on ought,
It is some picture on the margin wrought.

For the Baptist

THE last and greatest Herald of Heaven's King,
Girt with rough skins, hies to the deserts wild,
Among that savage brood the woods forth bring,
Which he than man more harmless found and mild :
His food was locusts, and what young doth spring,
With honey that from virgin hives distill'd ;
Parch'd body, hollow eyes, some uncouth thing
Made him appear, long since from earth exil'd.
There burst he forth : " All ye, whose hopes rely
On God, with me amidst these deserts mourn ?
Repent, repent, and from old errors turn."
Who listen'd to his voice, obey'd his cry ?
Only the echoes, which he made relent,
Rung from their marble caves, " Repent, repent ! "

William Drummond

For the Magdalene

THESE eyes, dear Lord, once brandons of desire,
Frail scouts betraying what they had to keep,
Which their own heart, then others set on fire,
Their trait'rous black before thee here out-weep :
These locks, of blushing deeds the fair attire,
Smooth-frizzled waves, sad shelves which shadow
 deep,
Soul-stinging serpents in gilt curls which creep,
To touch thy sacred feet do now aspire.
In seas of care behold a sinking bark,
By winds of sharp remorse unto thee driven,
O ! let me not expos'd be ruin's mark ;
My faults confest, Lord, say they are forgiven.
 Thus sigh'd to Jesus the Bethanian fair,
 His tear-wet feet still drying with her hair.

Faith above Reason

SOUL, which to hell wast thrall,
He, he for thine offence
Did suffer death, who could not die at all.
O sovereign excellence,
O life of all that lives,
Eternal bounty which each good thing gives,
How could death mount so high ?
No wit this height can reach ;
Faith only doth us teach,
For us he died, at all who could not die.

William Drummond

Man's Knowledge, Ignorance in the Mysteries of God

BENEATH a sable veil and shadows deep
Of unaccessible and dimming light,
In silence' ebon clouds more black than night,
The world's great King his secrets hid doth keep :
Through those thick mists, when any mortal wight
Aspires, with halting pace and eyes that weep,
To pore, and in his mysteries to creep,
With thunders he and lightnings blasts their sight.
O Sun invisible, that dost abide
Within thy bright abysms, most fair, most dark,
Where with thy proper rays thou dost thee hide !
O ever-shining, never full-seen mark !
To guide me in life's night thy light me show,
The more I search of thee, the less I know.

Contemplation of Invisible Excellencies Above, by the Visible Below

IF with such passing beauty, choice delights,
The architect of this great round did frame
This palace visible (short lists of fame,
And silly mansion but of dying wights),
How many wonders, what amazing lights
Must that triumphing seat of glory claim,
That doth transcend all this great All's vast heights,
Of whose bright sun ours here is but a beam !
O blest abode ! O happy dwelling-place,
Where visibly th' Invisible doth reign !

William Drummond

Blest people which do see true beauty's face,
With whose far dawns scarce he earth doth deign !
All joy is but annoy, all concord strife,
Match'd with your endless bliss and happy life.

The World a Game

THIS world a hunting is,
The prey poor man, the Nimrod fierce is Death ;
His speedy greyhounds are
Lust, sickness, envy, care,
Strife that ne'er falls amiss,
With all those ills which haunt us while we breathe.
Now, if by chance we fly
Of these the eager chase,
Old age with stealing pace
Casts up his nets, and there we panting die.

Against Hypocrisy

AS are those apples, pleasant to the eye,
But full of smoke within, which use to grow
Near that strange lake, where God pour'd from the
sky
Huge showers of flames, worse flames to overthrow ;
Such are their works that with a glaring show
Of humble holiness, in virtue's dye
Would colour mischief, while within they glow
With coals of sin, though none the smoke descry.
Ill is that angel which erst fell from heaven,
But not more ill than he, nor in worse case,
Who hides a trait'rous mind with smiling face,
And with a dove's white feathers masks a raven.
Each sin some colour hath it to adorn,
Hypocrisy almighty God doth scorn.

William Drummond

Change should Breed Change

NEw doth the sun appear,
The mountains' snows decay,
Crown'd with frail flowers forth comes the baby year.
My soul, time posts away,
And thou yet in that frost
Which flower and fruit hath lost,
As if all here immortal were, dost stay :
For shame ! thy powers awake,
Look to that heaven which never night makes black,
And there, at that immortal sun's bright rays,
Deck thee with flowers which fear not rage of days.

The Praise of a Solitary Life

THRICE happy he, who by some shady grove,
Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own ;
Though solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that Eternal Love.
O how more sweet is birds' harmonious moan,
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widow'd dove,
Than those smooth whisperings near a prince's throne,
Which good make doubtful, do the evil approve !
O how more sweet is Zephyr's wholesome breath,
And sighs embalm'd, which new-born flowers unfold,
Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath !
How sweet are streams to poison drunk in gold !
The world is full of horrors, troubles, slights,
Woods' harmless shades have only true delights.

William Drummond

To a Nightingale

SWEET bird, that sing'st away the early hours,
Of winters past or coming void of care,
Well pleased with delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flowers ;
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,
A stain to human sense in sin that lowers.
What soul can be so sick which by thy songs,
Attir'd in sweetness, sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,
And lift a reverent eye and thought to heaven !
Sweet artless songster, thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres, yes, and to angels' lays.

Content and Resolute

As when it happ'neth that some lovely town
Unto a barbarous besieger falls,
Who there by sword and flame himself instals,
And, cruel, it in tears and blood doth drown ;
Her beauty spoiled, her citizens made thralls,
His spite yet so cannot her all throw down,
But that some statue, arch, fane of renown
Yet lurks unmaimed within her weeping walls :
So, after all the spoil, disgrace, and wrack,
That time, the world, and death could bring combined,
Amidst that mass of ruins they did make,
Safe from all scarless yet remains my mind :
From this so high transcending rapture springs,
That I, all else defaced, not envy kings.

William Drummond

Death's Last Will

MORE oft than once Death whisper'd in mine ear,
Grave what thou hears in diamond and gold,
I am that monarch whom all monarchs fear,
Who hath in dust their far-stretch'd pride uproll'd ;
All, all is mine beneath moon's silver sphere,
And nought, save virtue, can my power withhold :
This, not believ'd, experience true thee told,
By danger late when I to thee came near.
As bugbear then my visage I did show,
That of my horrors thou right use might'st make,
And a more sacred path of living take :
Now still walk armed for my ruthless blow,
Trust flattering life no more, redeem time past,
And live each day as if it were thy last.

DOTH then the world go thus, doth all thus move ?
Is this the justice which on earth we find ?
Is this that firm decree which all doth bind ?
Are these your influences, Powers above ?
Those souls which vice's moody mists most blind,
Blind Fortune blindly most their friend doth prove ;
And they who thee, poor idol, Virtue, love,
Ply like a feather tossed by storm and wind.
Ah ! if a Providence doth sway this All,
Why should best minds groan under most distress ?
Or why should pride humility make thrall,
And injuries the innocent oppress ?
Heavens ! hinder, stop this fate, or grant a time
When good may have, as well as bad, their prime.

William Drummond

Before a Poem of Irene

MOURN not, fair Greece, the ruin of thy kings,
Thy temples razed, thy forts with flames devoured,
Thy champions slain, thy virgins pure deflowered,
Nor all those griefs which stern Bellona brings :
But mourn, fair Greece, mourn that that sacred band
Which made thee once so famous by their songs,
Forc'd by outrageous Fate, have left thy land,
And left thee scarce a voice to plain thy wrongs ;
Mourn that those climates which to thee appear
Beyond both Phœbus and his sister's ways,
To save thy deeds from death must lend thee lays,
And such as from Musæus thou didst hear ;
For now Irene hath attained such fame,
That Hero's ghost doth weep to hear her name.

Epitaph

FAME, register of time,
Write in thy scroll, that I,
Of wisdom lover, and sweet poesy,
Was cropped in my prime,
And ripe in worth, tho' green in years, did die.

Glossary

cinoper : vermilion.

damning : destructive.

decore : decoration.

gin : snare.

hap : chance.

jesses : foot-straps used for attaching the legs
of a bird to the hand.

lawnds : lawns.

mated : dejected.

orped : stout.

poure : ? purse.

ramage : warbling.

silly : simple.

sinople : green.

sith : since.

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VI

Thomas Lodge

Songs and Sonnets

Robert Greene

Lyrics from Romances, etc.

Samuel Daniel

Selected Verse



J. R. Tutin

Hull

1906

To
THE MEMORY OF
THE REV. HENRY KELSEY WHITE
WHO DIED AUGUST 16, 1906
THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS DEDICATED
BY HIS SINCERE FRIEND, THE PUBLISHER

Thomas Lodge

(1558?-1625)

"Lodge, flushed from lyric bowers."—A. C. SWINBURNE.

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(1560?-1592)

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Samuel Daniel

(1562-1619)

"Daniel, gentle, bland, and good,
The wisest monitor of womanhood."

HARTLEY COLERIDGE: *Daniel*.

(



SAMUEL DANIEL.
(1562-1619)

From the Original Engraving, 1623

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Prefatory Note

THE three poets represented in the accompanying pages may not unfairly be regarded as having, within certain limitations, enough in common to warrant their inclusion in a single booklet, where a more or less obvious similarity in style and in the treatment of literary themes is made the uniting bond. In the first place, two of them—*Thomas Lodge* and *Samuel Daniel*—belong to that notable band of Elizabethans for whom Sir Philip Sidney was one of the earliest in England to set a fashion in verse, the impulse towards which he had himself caught from the sonneteers of Italy and France. Daniel, indeed—as Mr Sidney Lee has pointed out¹—‘may be reckoned Sidney’s first successor on the throne’ which the author of *Astrophel and Stella*, conjointly with Edmund Spenser and Thomas Watson, had set up. The inspiration in each case was, directly or indirectly, the same, and consequently the imitative quality of the work of all is clearly manifest, though the debt—whether the borrowed verse be sonnet or lyric—was not always, so far as the present writers are concerned, as freely and frankly acknowledged.

It is not, however, in the Sonnet—in regard either to its subject-matter or its structure—that the “common denominator” of the present booklet’s verse is to be found, but rather in the lyric note which pervades and characterises it. And here it is that such of the poetic work of the remaining member of our trio of singers as is represented in the following pages touches that of his two gifted contemporaries. *Robert Greene* shares with his literary comrade and coadjutor, Lodge, the distinction which belongs to the two most famous

¹ *Elizabethan Sonnets*: Introduction, vii.

Prefatory Note

disciples of John Lyly, the Euphuist, and in this connection claims affinity with the author of the most famous "novel" of the period—the *Arcadia* of Sidney. Scattered throughout the romances which Lodge and Greene wrote in imitation of their master, are some of the daintiest lyrics which Elizabethan poetry on its lighter side has given us.

Though the critics mostly agree in placing the Songs of Lodge above those of his unhappy associate, it is probable that the latter had the more original and creative mind, a nimbler and more facile fancy—for much of the verse of Lodge is flagrantly derivative.¹ Nevertheless, that the author of *Rosalind* possessed the lyrical faculty in an exceptional degree, and used it with graceful and commanding skill, no reader of the well-known "Madrigal," *e.g.*, can deny; and, despite their imitative character, some of his more tuneful numbers remain among the rarest treasures of Elizabethan song.

It is, perhaps, scarcely necessary to remark that the somewhat disproportionate space accorded here to the three poets represented is not to be taken as indicating the present editor's appraisal of either their comparative importance in the hierarchy of letters or the relative value of their poetical achievement. If, however, the inclusion of Daniel's stately *Epistle to the Countess of Cumberland* appear to call for justification in view of what has been said as to the dominance, in the following pages, of the lyric note, such justification may surely be found in the fact that this noble poem represents one of the loftiest expressions of its author's contemplative and "well-languaged" muse.

H. KELSEY WHITE.

ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE,
MAY, 1906.

¹ "There is probably no French lyrist of his generation whose work Lodge did not assimilate in greater or less degree. . . . Most of his sonnets to Phillis were written with the first book of Ronsard's *Amours* at his elbow."—Sidney Lee (*ibid.*).

Thomas Lodge

Rosalind's Madrigal

LOVE in my bosom like a bee
Doth suck his sweet :
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast,
My kisses are his daily feast ;
And yet he robs me of my rest :—
“ Ah, wanton, will ye ? ”

And if I sleep, then percheth he
With pretty flight,
And makes his pillow of my knee
The livelong night.
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string,
He music plays if so I sing,
He lends me every lovely thing ;
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting :—
“ Whist, wanton, still ye !

“ Else I with roses every day
Will whip you hence,
And bind you, when you long to play,
For your offence ;
I'll shut mine eyes to keep you in,
I'll make you fast it for your sin,
I'll count your power not worth a pin.”
Alas, what hereby shall I win,
If he gainsay me ?

Thomas Lodge

What if I beat the wanton boy
With many a rod ?

He will repay me with annoy,
Because a god.

“ Then sit you safely on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosom be,
Lurk in mine eyes,—I like of thee ;
O Cupid, so thou pity me,
Spare not, but play thee.”

(Rosalind.)

Montanus' Protestation of his Love

FIRST shall the heavens want starry light,
The seas be robbèd of their waves,
The day want sun, the sun want bright,
The night want shade, the dead men graves,
The April, flowers and leaf and tree,
Before I false my faith to thee.

First shall the tops of highest hills
By humble plains be overpried,
And poets scorn the Muses' quills,
And fish forsake the water-glide,
And Iris lose her coloured weed,
Before I fail thee at thy need.

First direful hate shall turn to peace,
And love relent in deep disdain,
And Death his fatal stroke shall cease,
And envy pity every pain,
And Pleasure mourn, and Sorrow smile,
Before I talk of any guile.

First Time shall stay his stayless race,
And Winter bless his boughs with corn,

Thomas Lodge

And snow bemoisten July's face,
And Winter spring, and Summer mourn,
Before my pen, by help of Fame,
Cease to recite thy sacred name.

(Rosalind.)

Montanus' Praise of his Fair Phœbe

PHŒBE sat, sweet she sat,
Sweet sat Phœbe when I saw her :
White her brow, coy her eye,—
Brow and eye, how much you please me !
Words I spent, sighs I sent,—
Sighs and words could never draw her.
Oh, my love, thou art lost,
Since no sight could ever ease thee.

Phœbe sat by a fount,
Sitting by a fount I spied her :
Sweet her touch, rare her voice,—
Touch and voice, what may distain ¹ you ?
As she sung, I did sigh,
And by sighs whilst that I tried her,
Oh, mine eyes, you did lose
Her first sight, whose want did pain you.

Phœbe's flocks, white as wool,
Yet were Phœbe's looks more whiter ;
Phœbe's eyes dove-like mild,
Dove-like eyes both mild and cruel ;
Montan swears, in your lamps
He will die for to delight her.
Phœbe, yield, or I die ;—
Shall true hearts be fancy's fuel ?

(Rosalind.)

¹ Stain, sully.

Thomas Lodge

Rosader's Praise of Rosalind

LIKE to the clear in highest sphere,
Where all imperial glory shines,
Of self-same colour is her hair,
Whether unfolded or in twines :
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline !
Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,
Refining heaven by every wink ;
The gods do fear whenas they glow,
And I do tremble when I think :
Heigh ho, would she were mine !

Her cheeks are like the blushing cloud
That beautifies Aurora's face,
Or like the silver crimson shroud
That Phœbus' smiling looks doth grace :
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline !
Her lips are like two budded roses
Whom ranks of lilies neighbour nigh,
Within which bounds the balm encloses,
Apt to entice a deity :
Heigh ho, would she were mine !

Her neck, like to a stately tower
Where Love himself imprisoned lies,
To watch for glances every hour
From her divine and sacred eyes :
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline !
Her paps are centres of delight,
Her breasts are orbs of heavenly frame,
Where nature moulds the dew of light
To feed perfection with the same :
Heigh ho, would she were mine !

With orient pearl, with ruby red,
With marble white, with sapphire blue,

Thomas Lodge

Her body every way is fed,
Yet soft in touch and sweet in view :
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline !
Nature herself her shape admires,
The gods are wounded in her sight ;
And Love forsakes his heavenly fires
And at her eyes his brand doth light :
Heigh ho, would she were mine !

Then muse not, Nymphs, though I bemoan
The absence of fair Rosaline,
Since for her fair there's fairer none,
Nor for her virtues so divine :
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline !
Heigh ho, my heart, would God that she were mine !
(*Rosalind.*)

Rosader's Second "Sonnet"

TURN I my looks unto the skies,
Love with his arrows wounds mine eyes ;
If so I gaze upon the ground,
Love then in every flower is found ;
Search I the shade to fly my pain,
Love meets me in the shade again ;
Wend I to walk in secret grove,
E'en there I meet with sacred love ;
If so I bain¹ me in the spring,
E'en on the brink I hear him sing ;
If so I meditate alone,
He will be partner of my moan ;
If so I mourn, he weeps with me ;
And where I am, there will he be.
(Abridged from *Rosalind.*)

¹ Bathe.

Thomas Lodge

Coridon's Song

A BLITHE and bonny country lass—
Heigh ho, the bonny lass !—
Sat sighing on the tender grass,
And weeping said, "Will none come woo me?"
A smicker¹ boy, a lither swain,—
Heigh ho, a smicker swain !—
That in his love was wanton fain,
With smiling looks straight came unto her.

Whenas the wanton wench espied,—
Heigh ho, when she espied !—
The means to make herself a bride,
She simpered smooth like bonny-bell.
The swain that saw her squint-eyed kind,—
Heigh ho, squint-eyed kind !—
His arms about her body twined,
And said, "Fair lass, how fare ye? well?"

The country kit said, "Well, forsooth,"—
Heigh ho, well forsooth !—
'But that I have a longing tooth,
A longing tooth that makes me cry."
"Alas!" said he, "what gars thy grief?"—
Heigh ho, what gars thy grief?—
"A wound," quoth she, "without relief:
I fear a maid that I shall die."

"If that be all," the shepherd said,—
Heigh ho, the shepherd said !—
"I'll make thee wive it, gentle maid,
And so recure thy malady."
Hereon they kissed with many an oath,—
Heigh ho, with many an oath !—
And 'fore god Pan did plight their troth;
So to the church apace they hie.

¹ Gay, spruce.

Thomas Lodge

And God send every pretty peat,¹—
Heigh ho, the pretty peat !—
That fears to die of this conceit,
So kind a friend to help at last.
Then maids shall never long again,—
Heigh ho, to long again !—
When they find ease for such a pain :
Thus my roundelay is past.
(*Rosalind.*²)

Love and Phyllis

LOVE guards the roses of thy lips,
And flies about them like a bee ;
If I approach, he forward skips,
And if I kiss, he stingeth me.

Love in thine eyes doth build his bower,
And sleeps within their pretty shine ;
And if I look, the boy will lower,
And from their orbs shoot shafts divine.

Love works thy heart within his fire,
And in my tears doth firm the same,
And if I tempt it, will retire,
And of my complaints doth make a game.

Love, let me cull her choicest flowers,
And pity me, and calm her eye ;
Make soft her heart, dissolve her lowers,
Then will I praise thy deity.

But if thou do not, Love, I'll truly serve her
In spite of thee, and by firm faith deserve her.
(*Phyllis.*)

¹ Pet.

² The concluding four lines are added from *England's Helicon* from which the arrangement of the last two stanzas is adopted.

Thomas Lodge

To Phyllis, the Fair Shepherdess

My Phyllis hath the morning sun,
At first to look upon her ;
And Phyllis hath morn-waking birds
Her risings for to honour.
My Phyllis hath prime-feathered flowers
That smile when she treads on them ;
And Phyllis hath a gallant flock
That leaps since she doth own them.
But Phyllis hath so hard a heart,—
Alas, that she should have it !—
As yields no mercy to desert,
Nor grace to those that crave it.
Sweet sun, when thou look'st on,
Pray her regard my moan ;
Sweet birds, when you sing to her,
To yield some pity, woo her ;
Sweet flow'rs, whenas she treads on,
Tell her, her beauty deads one ;
And if in life her love she nill agree me,
Pray her before I die she will come see me.
(*Phyllis.*)

“Fair art thou, Phyllis”

FAIR art thou, Phyllis ; ay, so fair, sweet maid,
As nor the sun nor I have seen more fair ;
For in thy cheeks sweet roses are embayed,¹
And gold more pure than gold doth gild thy hair.
Sweet bees have hived their honey on thy tongue,
And Hebe spiced her nectar with thy breath :
About thy neck do all the graces throng,
And lay such baits as might entangle Death.

¹ Enclosed.

Thomas Lodge

In such a breast what heart would not be thrall?
From such sweet arms who would not wish embraces?
At thy fair hands who wonders not at all
Wonder itself through ignorance embases.¹
Yet, nathëless, though wondrous gifts you call these,
My faith is far more wonderful than all these.
(*Phyllis.*)

“O, happy Love!”

A VERY Phoenix, in her radiant eyes
I leave mine age, and get my life again:
True Hesperus, I watch her fall and rise,
And with my tears extinguish all my pain.
My lips for shadows shield her springing roses;
Mine eyes for watchmen guard her while she sleepeth;
My reasons serve to quiet her faint supposes.
Her fancy mine, my faith her fancy, keepeth:
She, flower; I, branch; her sweets my sours sup
porteth;—
O, happy Love, where such delights consorteth!
(*Scylla's Metamorphosis.*)

A Lament in Spring

THE earth, late choked with showers,
Is now arrayed in green;
Her bosom springs with flowers,
The air dissolves her teen:¹
The heavens laugh at her glory,
Yet bide I sad and sorry.

The woods are decked with leaves,
The trees are clothèd gay,

¹ Is humbled.

² Sorrow.

Thomas Lodge

And Flora, crowned with sheaves,
With oaken boughs doth play ;
Where I am clad in black,
The token of my wrack.

The birds upon the trees
Do sing with pleasant voices,
And chant in their degrees
Their loves and lucky choices ;
When I, whilst they are singing,
With sighs mine arms am wringing.

The thrushes seek the shade,
And I my fatal grave ;
Their flight to heaven is made,
My walk on earth I have ;
They free, I thrall ; they jolly,
I sad and pensive wholly.
(*Scylla's Metamorphosis.*)

“Fair Phœbus’ Flower upon a Summer Morn”

FAIR Phœbus’ flower upon a summer morn,
’Gan, proud with love, to show her painted pride,
And, gay with glory, with a curious scorn
Disdained those buds that blossomed her beside ;

When Rose and Lilies, Violets and Balm
(Scarce warmed to work their beauties to a flow’r)
With envious wrath near to a water calm
Behold my Phyllis in a happy hour.

Not waked, nor won too much with solemn sleep,
But sweetly slumb’ring, they behold my Saint :
The Rose and Lilies both together creep ;
The one her lip, the next her cheek, did taint.

Thomas Lodge

And both they spread ; the Violet, consumed
To gentle air, her amber breath fulfilled :
Apollo, feeling all the air perfumed,
With gentle beams into her eyes distilled.

His flower, amazed, gave Rose and Lilies place ;
The Sun his shine within her eyes containeth ;
The Rose her lips, the Lilies deck her face ;
The Violet within her breath remaineth.

L'ENVOI

THEN cease, fond men, henceforth to boast your flow'rs,
Since Roses, Lilies, Violets are ours,
And Phœbus' flow'r doth homage to their pow'rs,
And Phyllis' eye his glorious beams devours.
(Scylla's Metamorphosis.)

Imitated from the Italian of Martelli

O SHADY vales, O fair enrichèd meads,
O sacred woods, sweet fields, and rising mountains;
O painted flowers, green herbs, where Flora treads,
Refreshed by wanton winds and wat'ry fountains !
O all you wingèd choristers of wood,
That, perched aloft, your former pains report,
And straight again recount with pleasant mood
Your present joys in sweet and seemly sort !
O all you creatures, whosoever thrive
On mother earth, in seas, by air, or fire,—
More blest are you than I here under sun :
Love dies in me, whenas he doth revive
In you ; I perish under Beauty's ire,
Where after storms, winds, frosts, your life is won.
(A Margarine of America.)

Thomas Lodge

“For Pity, Pretty Eyes”

FOR pity, pretty eyes, surcease
To give me war, and grant me peace.
Triumphant eyes, why bear you arms
Against a heart that thinks no harms?
A heart already quite appalled,
A heart that yields and is enthralled?

Kill rebels, proudly that resist;
Not those that in true faith persist,
And conquered serve your deity.
Will you, alas, command me die?
Then die I yours, and death my cross;
But unto you pertains the loss.

(The Phoenix' Nest.)

“Accurst be Love!”

ACCURST be Love, and those that trust his trains!
He tastes the fruit whilst others toil;
He brings the lamp, we lend the oil;
He sows distress, we yield him soil;
He wageth war, we bide the foil.

Accurst be Love, and those that trust his trains!
He lays the trap, we seek the snare;
He threat'neth death, we speak him fair;
He coins deceits, we foster care;
He favoureth pride, we count it rare.

Accurst be Love, and those that trust his trains!
He seemeth blind, yet wounds with art;
He vows content, he pays with smart;

Thomas Lodge

He swears relief, yet kills the heart ;
He calls for truth, yet scorns desart.
Accurst be Love, and those that trust his trains !
Whose heaven is hell, whose perfect joys are pains.
(*The Phoenix' Nest.*)

A Distressed Mother's Lullaby

LULLABY :

Ah, little lads,
Give ceaseless sorrow end with lullaby ;
Suck up my tears
That stream from out the fountains of mine eye ;
Feed, feed on me
Whom no good hope or fortune glads,—
O, set me free
From those incessant and pursuing fears
Which waken up my woes and kill my pleasure.

Lullaby :

Weep, weep no more,
But let me weep, and, weeping, weep life hence,
That, whilst you want,
I may not see false Fortune's proud pretence :
When I am dead,
My God, perhaps, will send you store.
O, smile in need,—
Poor hungry babes, let smiles be nothing scant :
I, tears ; you, smiles ;—both have no better treasure
To bring these woes exceeding mean or measure
To lullaby.
(*The Life and Death of William Longbeard.*)

Menaphon's Song

20

Robert Greene

Sephestia's Song to her Child

WEEP not, my wanton, smile upon my knee ;
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.

• Mother's wag, pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy ;
When thy father first did see
Such a boy by him and me,
He was glad, I was woe ;
Fortune changed made him so
When he left his pretty boy,
Last his sorrow, first his joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee ;
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.

Streaming tears that never stint,
Like pearl drops from a flint,
Fell by course from his eyes,
That one another's place supplies ;
Thus he grieved in every part,
Tears of blood fell from his heart,
When he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee ;
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.

The wanton smiled, father wept,
Mother cried, baby leapt ;
More he crowed, more we cried,
Nature could not sorrow hide :
He must go, he must kiss
Child and mother, baby bless,
For he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee ;
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.

(*Ibid.*)

Robert Greene

Menaphon's Roundelay

WHEN tender ewes, brought home with evening sun,
Wend to their folds,
And to their holds
The shepherds trudge when light of day is done,
Upon a tree
The eagle, Jove's fair bird, did perch ;
There resteth he.
A little fly his harbour then did search,
And did presume, though others laughed thereat,
To perch whereas the princely eagle sat.

The eagle frowned, and shook his royal wings,
And charged the fly
From thence to hie :
Afraid, in haste, the little creature flings,
Yet seeks again,
Fearful, to perk him by the eagle's side.
With moody vein,
The speedy post of Ganymede replied,
" Vassal, avaunt, or with my wings you die ;
Is't fit an eagle seat him with a fly ? "

The fly craved pity, still the eagle frowned ;
The silly fly,
Ready to die,
Disgraced, displaced, fell grovelling to the ground :
The eagle saw,
And with a royal mind said to the fly,
" Be not in awe,
I scorn by me the meanest creature die ;
Then seat thee here." The joyful fly up flings,
And sat safe shadowed with the eagle's wings.
(*Ibid.*)

Robert Greene

Doron's Description of Samela

LIKE to Diana in her summer weed,
Girt with a crimson robe of brightest dye,
Goes fair Samela ;
Whiter than be the flocks that straggling feed,
When washed by Arethusa faint they lie,
Is fair Samela ;
As fair Aurora in her morning grey,
Decked with the ruddy glister of her love,
Is fair Samela ;
Like lovely Thetis on a calmèd day,
Whenas her brightness Neptune's fancy move,
Shines fair Samela ;
Her tresses gold, her eyes like glassy streams,
Her teeth are pearl, the breasts are ivory
Of fair Samela ;
Her cheeks, like rose and lily, yield forth gleams,
Her brows' bright arches framed of ebony :
Thus fair Samela
Passeth fair Venus in her bravest hue,
And Juno in the show of majesty,
For she's Samela;
Pallas in wit ;—all three, if you well view,
For beauty, wit, and matchless dignity,
Yield to Samela.
(*Ibid.*)

Doron's Jig

THROUGH the shrubs as I 'gan crack
For my lambs, little ones,
'Mongst many pretty ones
(Nymphs I mean) whose hair was black
As the crow ;
Like the snow

Robert Greene

Her face and brows shined, I ween ;
 I saw a little one,
 A bonny pretty one,
As bright, buxom, and as sheen,
 As was she
 On her knee
That lulled the god whose arrow warms
 Such merry little ones,
 Such fair-faced pretty ones,
As dally in love's chiefest harms :
 Such was mine,
 Whose grey cyne
Made me love. I 'gan to woo
 This sweet little one,
 This bonny pretty one ;
I wooed hard a day or two,
 Till she bade—
 ' Be not sad,
Woo no more, I am thine own,
 Thy dearest little one,
 Thy truest pretty one.'
Thus was faith and firm love shown,
 As behoves
 Shepherds' loves.

(Ibid.)

Melicertus' Description of his Mistress

TUNE on, my pipe, the praises of my love,
 And midst thy oaten harmony recount
 How fair she is that makes thy music mount,
And every string of thy heart's harp to move.

Shall I compare her form unto the sphere,
 Whence sun-bright Venus vaunts her silver shine?
 Ah, more than that by just compare is thine,
Whose crystal looks the cloudy heavens do clear.

Robert Greene

How oft have I descending Titan seen
His burning locks couch in the sea-queen's lap,
And beauteous Thetis his red body wrap
In watery robes, as he her lord had been ;

Whenas my nymph, impatient of the night,
Bade bright Atræus with his train give place,
Whiles she led forth the day with her fair face,
And lent each star a more than Delian light.

Not Jove or Nature, should they both agree
To make a woman of the firmament
Of his mixed purity, could not invent
A sky-born form so beautiful as she.

(Ibid.)

“What Thing is Love?”

WHAT thing is love ? It is a power divine
That reigns in us, or else a wreakful law
That dooms our minds to beauty to incline ;
It is a star, whose influence doth draw
Our hearts to love, dissembling of his might
Till he be master of our hearts and sight.

Love is a discord, and a strange divorce
Betwixt our sense and reason, by whose power,
As mad with reason, we admit that force
Which wit or labour never may devour ;
It is a will that brooketh no consent :
It would refuse, yet never may repent.

Love's a desire, which for to wait a time,
Doth lose an age of years, and so doth pass,
As doth the shadow, severed from his prime,
Seeming as though it were, yet never was ;
Leaving behind nought but repentant thoughts
Of days ill spent, for that which profits noughts.

Robert Greene

It's now a peace, and then a sudden war ;
A hope consumed before it is conceived ;
At hand it fears, and menaceth afar ;
And he that gains is most of all deceived :
It is a secret hidden and not known,
Which one may better feel than write upon.
(*Ibid.*)

Prince Psammetichus' "Sonnet"

[*"One of the Chaldees, having an insight into the lascivious life of [Psammetichus], persuaded him to desist from such fading pleasures, whose momentary delights did breed lasting reproach and infamy; the young prince, making light account of his words, went into his study and wrote him an answer sonnet-wise to this effect: "*

IN Cyprus sat fair Venus by a fount,
Wanton Adonis toying on her knee :
She kissed the wag, her darling of account ;
The boy 'gan blush, which when his lover see,
She smiled, and told him love might challenge debt,
And he was young, and might be wanton yet.

The boy waxed bold, fired by fond desire,
That woo he could and court her with conceit :
Reason spied this, and sought to quench the fire
With cold disdain ; but wily Adon straight
Cheered up the flame, and said, "Good Sir, what let?
I am but young, and may be wanton yet."

Reason replied, that beauty was a bane
To such as feed their fancy with fond love,
That when sweet youth with lust is overta'en,
It rues in age : this could not Adon move,
For Venus taught him still this rest to set,
That he was young, and might be wanton yet.

Where Venus strikes with beauty to the quick,
It little 'vails sage Reason to reply ;

Robert Greene

Few are the cares for such as are love-sick,
But love : then, though I wanton it awry,
And play the wag, from Adon this I get,
I am but young, and may be wanton yet.
(Perimedes, the Blacksmith.)

The Old Man's Reply

THE Siren Venus nourished in her lap
Fair Adon, swearing whiles he was a youth
He might be wanton : note his after-hap,
The guerdon that such lawless lust ensu'th ;
So long he followed flattering Venus' lore,
Till, seely¹ lad, he perished by a boar.

Mars in his youth did court this lusty dame,
He won her love ; what might his fancy let
He was but young ? at last, unto his shame,
Vulcan entrapp'd them slily in a net,
And called the Gods to witness as a truth,
A lecher's fault was not excused by youth.

If crooked age accounteth youth his spring,
The spring, the fairest season of the year,
Enriched with flowers, and sweets, and many a thing
That fair and gorgeous to the eyes appear ;
It fits that youth, the spring of man, should be
'Riched with such flowers as virtue yieldeth thee.
(Perimedes, the Blacksmith.)

“Fair is my Love”

FAIR is my love, for April in her face,
Her lovely breasts September claims his part,
And lordly July in her eyes takes place,
But cold December dwelleth in her heart :
Blest be the months, that set my thoughts on fire,
Accurst that month that hindereth my desire !

¹ Simple.

Robert Greene

Like Phoebus' fire, so sparkle both her eyes ;
As air perfumed with amber is her breath ;
Like swelling waves, her lovely teats do rise ;
As earth her heart, cold, dateth me to death :
Ah me, poor man, that on the earth do live,
When unkind earth death and despair doth give !

In pomp sits mercy seated in her face ;
Love 'twixt her breasts his trophies doth imprint ;
Her eyes shine favour, courtesy, and grace ;
But touch her heart, ah, that is framed of flint !
Therefore my harvest in the grass bears grain ;
The rock will wear, washed with a winter's rain.
(*Ibid.*)

Phyllis and Coridon

PHYLLIS kept sheep along the western plains,
And Coridon did feed his flocks hard by ;
This shepherd was the flower of all the swains
That traced the downs of fruitful Thessaly,
And Phyllis, that did far her flocks surpass
In silver hue, was thought a bonny lass.

A bonny lass, quaint in her country 'tire,
Was lovely Phyllis, Coridon swore so ;
Her locks, her looks, did set the swain on fire,
He left his lambs, and he began to woo ;
He looked, he sighed, he courted with a kiss,
No better could the silly swad¹ than this.

He little knew to paint a tale of love,—
Shepherds can fancy, but they cannot say :
Phyllis 'gan smile, and wily thought to prove
What uncouth grief poor Coridon did pay ;
She asked him how his flocks or he did fare,
Yet pensive thus his sighs did tell his care.

¹ Clown.

Robert Greene

The shepherd blushed when Phyllis questioned so,
And swore by Pan it was not for his flocks ;
" 'Tis love, fair Phyllis, breedeth all this woe,
My thoughts are trapped within thy lovely locks,
Thine eye hath pierced, thy face hath set on fire ;
Fair Phyllis kindleth Coridon's desire."

" Can shepherds love ?" said Phyllis to the swain ;
" Such saints as Phyllis," Coridon replied ;
" Men when they lust can many fancies feign,"
Said Phyllis ; this not Coridon denied,
" That lust had lies, but love," quoth he, " says truth ;
Thy shepherd loves,—then, Phyllis, what ensu'th ?"

Phyllis was won, she blushed and hung the head ;
The swain stepped to, and cheered her with a kiss ;
With faith, with troth, they struck the matter dead ;
So usèd they when men thought not amiss :
This love begun and ended both in one ;
Phyllis was loved, and she liked Coridon. (*Ibid.*)

Dorastus' Praise of Fawnia

AH, were she pitiful as she is fair,
Or but as mild as she is seeming so,
Then were my hopes greater than my despair,
Then all the world were heaven, nothing woe.
Ah, were her heart relenting as her hand,
That seems to melt even with the mildest touch,
Then knew I where to seat me in a land
Under wide heavens, but yet [there is] not such.
So as she shows, she seems the budding rose,
Yet sweeter far than is an earthly flower ;
Sovereign of beauty, like the spray she grows,
Compassèd she is with thorns and cankered bower :
Yet were she willing to be plucked and worn,
She would be gathered, though she grew on thorn.

Ah, when she sings, all music else be still,
For none must be comparèd to her note ;

Robert Greene

Ne'er breathed such glee from Philomela's bill,
Nor from the morning-singer's swelling throat.
Ah, when she riseth from her blissful bed,
She comforts all the world, as doth the sun,
And at her sight the night's foul vapours fled ;
When she is set, the gladsome day is done.
O glorious sun, imagine me the west,
Shine in my arms, and set thou in my breast !
(*Pandosto.*)

Maesia's Song

SWEET are the thoughts that savour of content ;
The quiet mind is richer than a crown ;
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent ;
The poor estate scorns fortune's angry frown :
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

The homely house that harbours quiet rest ;
The cottage that affords no pride nor care ;
The mean that 'grees with country music best ;
The sweet consort of mirth and modest fare ;
Obscurèd life sets down a type of bliss :
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.
(*Farewell to Folly.*)

An Ode

! DOWN the valley 'gan he track,
Bag and bottle at his back,
In a surcoat all of gray ;—
Such wear palmers on the way,
When with scrip and staff they see
Jesus' grave on Calvary ;—
A hat of straw, like a swain,
Shelter for the sun and rain,
With a scallop shell before ;
Sandals on his feet he wore ;

Robert Greene

Legs were bare, arms unclad :
Such attire this palmer had.
His face fair like Titan's shine ;
Gray and buxom were his eyne,
Whereout dropped pearls of sorrow :
Such sweet tears love doth borrow,
When in outward dew she plains
Heart's distress that lovers pains ;
Ruby lips, cherry cheeks :
Such rare mixture Venus seeks,
When to keep her damsels quiet,
Beauty sets them down their diet.
Adon was not thought more fair ;
Curlèd locks of amber hair,
Locks where love did sit and twine
Nets to snare the gazer's eyne.
Such a palmer ne'er was seen,
'Less Love himself had palmer been.
Yet, for all he was so quaint,
Sorrow did his visage taint :
'Midst the riches of his face,
Grief deciphered high disgrace.
Every step strained a tear ;
Sudden sighs showed his fear ;
And yet his fear by his sight
Ended in a strange delight,
That his passions did approve,
Weeds and sorrow were for love.
(Never Too Late.)

The Palmer's Ode

OLD Menalcas, on a day,
As in field this shepherd lay,
Tuning of his oaten pipe,
Which he hit with many a stripe,
Said to Coridon that he
Once was young and full of glee.
"Blithe and wanton was I then :
Such desires follow men.

Robert Greene

As I lay and kept my sheep,
Came the God that hateth sleep,
Clad in armour all of fire,
Hand in hand with queen Desire,
And with a dart that wounded nigh,
Pierced my heart as I did lie ;
That when I woke I 'gan swear
Phyllis beauty's palm did bear.
Up I start, forth went I,
With her face to feed mine eye ;
There I saw Desire sit,
That my heart with love had hit,
Laying forth bright beauty's hooks
To entrap my gazing looks.
Love I did, and 'gan to woo,
Pray and sigh ; all would not do :
Women, when they take the toy,
Covet to be counted coy.
Coy she was, and I 'gan court ;
She thought love was but a sport ;
Profound hell was in my thought :
Such a pain desire had wrought,
That I sued with sighs and tears ;
Still ingrate, she stopped her ears,
Till my youth I had spent.
Last a passion of repent
Told me flat, that Desire
Was a brand of love's fire,
Which consumeth men in thrall,
Virtue, youth, wit, and all.
At this saw back I start,
Beat Desire from my heart,
Shook off Love, and made an oath
To be enemy to both.
Old I was when thus I fled
Such fond toys as cloyed my head ;
But this I learned at Virtue's gate,
The way to good is never late."
Nunquam sera est ad bonos mores via.
(*Ibid.*)

Robert Greene

Isabel's Ode¹

SITTING by a river side,
Where a silent stream did glide,
Banked about with choice flowers,
Such as spring from April showers,
When fair Iris smiling shows
All her riches in her dew ;
Thick-leaved trees so were planted
As nor Art nor Nature wanted ;
Bord'ring all the brook with shade
As if Venus there had made
By Flora's wile a curious bower
To dally with her paramour.

At this current as I gazed,
Eyes entrapped, mind amazed,
I might see in my ken
Such a flame as fireth men,
Such a fire as doth fry
With one blaze both heart and eye,
Such a heat as doth prove
No heat like to heat of love.
Bright she was,—for 'twas a she
That traced her steps towards me ;
On her head she wore a bay,
To fence Phœbus' light away ;
In her face one might descry
The curious beauty of the sky ;
Her eyes carried darts of fire,
Feathered all with swift desire ;
Yet forth these fiery darts did pass
Pearlèd tears as bright as glass,
That wonder 'twas in her eyne
Fire and water should combine—
If th' old saw did not borrow
Fire is love and water sorrow.

¹ Cf. the opening couplet of "Philomela's Ode" in *Philomela*.
(See p. 44.)

Robert Greene

Down she sat, pale and sad,
No mirth in her looks she had :
Face and eyes showed distress,—
Inward sighs discoursed no less ;
Head on hand might I see,
Elbow leanèd on her knee ;
Last she breathèd out this saw :
“ O, that love hath no law !
Love enforceth with constraint,
Love delighteth in complaint ;
Whoso loves hates his life,
For love's peace is mind's strife ;
Love doth feed on beauty's fare,
Every dish sauced with care :
Chiefly women reason why
Love is hatchèd in their eye ;
Thence it steppeth to the heart ;
There it poisoneth every part,
Mind and heart, eye and thought,
Till sweet love their woes hath wrought ;
Then, repentant, they 'gan cry—
' O, my heart, that trowed¹ mine eye ! ”
Thus she said, and then she rose,
Face and mind both full of woes,
Flinging thence, with this saw,—
Fie on love that hath no law !

(*Ibid.*)

Francesco's Ode

WHEN I look about the place
Where sorrow nurseth up disgrace,
Wrapped within a fold of cares,
Whose distress no heart spares ;
Eyes might look, but see no light,
Heart might think but on despite ;
Sun did shine, but not on me.
Sorrow said, it may not be

¹ Trusted.

Robert Greene

That heart or eye should once possess
Any salve to cure distress ;
For men in prison must suppose
Their couches are the beds of woes.
Seeing this, I sighèd then
Fortune thus should punish men :
But when I called to mind her face,
For whose love I brook this place,—
Starry eyes, whereat my sight
Did eclipse with much delight,
Eyes that lighten, and do shine,
Beams of love that are divine ;
Lily cheeks, whereon beside
Buds of roses show their pride ;
Cherry lips, which did speak
Words that made all hearts to break,
Words most sweet, for breath was sweet
(Such perfume for love is meet.)
Precious words, as hard to tell
Which more pleasèd, wit or smell ;—
When I saw my greatest pains
Grow for her that beauty stains,
Fortune thus I did reprove :
Nothing grievful grows from love.

(*Ibid.*)

N'oserez-vous, mon bel ami

(Infida's Song)

SWEET Adon, dar'st not glance thine eye—

N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?—

Upon thy Venus that must die ?

Je vous en prie, pity me ;

N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,

N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?

See how sad thy Venus lies,—

N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?—

Robert Greene

Love in heart, and tears in eyes ;
Je vous en prie, pity me ;
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?

Thy face as fair as Paphos' brooks,—
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?—
Wherein Fancy baits her hooks ;
Je vous en prie, pity me ;
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?

Thy cheeks like cherries that do grow—
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?—
Amongst the western mounts of snow ;
Je vous en prie, pity me ;
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?

Thy lips vermilion, full of love,—
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?—
Thy neck as silver-white as dove ;
Je vous en prie, pity me ;
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?

Thine eyes, like flames of holy fires,—
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?—
Burn all my thoughts with sweet desires ;
Je vous en prie, pity me ;
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?

All thy beauties sting my heart ;—
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?—
I must die through Cupid's dart ;
Je vous en prie, pity me ;
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?

Robert Greene

Wilt thou let thy Venus die?
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?—
Adon were unkind, say I,—
Je vous en prie, pity me ;
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?

To let fair Venus die for woe,—
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?—
That doth love sweet Adon so ;
Je vous en prie, pity me ;
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?

(*Ibid.*)

Francesco's Sonnet

(Called his Parting Blow)

REASON, that long in prison of my will
Hast wept thy mistress' wants and loss of time,
Thy wonted siege of honour safely climb :
To thee I yield as guilty of mine ill.
Lo, fettered in their tears, mine eyes are pressed
To pay due homage to their native guide :
My wretched heart, wounded with bad betide,
To crave his peace from reason is addressed.
My thoughts ashamed, since by themselves consumed,
Have done their duty to repentant wit :
Ashamed of all, sweet guide, I sorry sit,
To see in youth how I too far presumed.
Thus he whom love and error did betray
Subscribes to thee and takes the better way.

(*Ibid.*)

Robert Greene

Eurymachus in laudem
Mirimidæ

WHEN Flora, proud in pomp of all her flowers,
Sat bright and gay,
And gloried in the dew of Iris' showers,
And did display
Her mantle chequered all with gaudy green ;
Then I
Alone

A mournful man in Erecine was seen.

With folded arms I trampled through the grass,
Tracing as he
That held the throne of Fortune brittle glass,
And love to be,
Like Fortune, fleeting as the restless wind,
Mixèd
With mists,
Whose damp doth make the clearest eyes grow blind.

Thus in a maze, I spied a hideous flame ;
I cast my sight
And saw where, blithely bathing in the same
With great delight,
A worm did lie, wrapped in a smoky sweat ;
And yet
'Twas strange,
It careless lay and shrunk not at the heat.

I stood amazed and wondering at the sight,
While that a dame,
That shone like to the heaven's rich sparkling light
Discoursed the same ;
And said, " My friend, this worm within the fire,
Which lies
Content,
Is Venus' worm, and represents desire.

Robert Greene

"A salamander is this princely beast :
 Decked with a crown,
Given him by Cupid as a gorgeous crest
 'Gainst fortune's frown.
Content he lies and bathes him in the flame,
 And goes
 Not forth,
For why, he cannot live without the same.

"As he, so lovers lie within the fire
 Of fervent love,
And shrink not from the flame of hot desire,
 Nor will not move
From any heat that Venus' force imparts,
 But lie
 Content
Within a fire, and waste away their hearts."

Up flew the dame, and vanished in a cloud,
 But there stood I,
And many thoughts within my mind did shroud
 Of love ; for why,
I felt within my heart a scorching fire,
 And yet,
 As did
The salamander, 'twas my whole desire.
(*Ibid.*)

Radagon in Dianam

It was a valley gaudy green,
Where Dian at the fount was seen ;
 Green it was,
 And did pass
All other of Diana's bowers,
In the pride of Flora's flowers.

A fount it was that no sun sees,
Circled in with cypress trees,

Robert Greene

Set so nigh
As Phœbus' eye
Could not do the virgins scathe,
To see them naked when they bathe.

She sat there all in white,
Colour fitting her delight :
Virgins so
Ought to go,
For white in armory is placed
To be the colour that is chaste.

Her taffeta cassock might you see
Tuckèd up above her knee,
Which did show
There below
Legs as white as whale's bone,—
So white and chaste were never none.

Hard by her, upon the ground,
Sat her virgins in a round
Bathing their
Golden hair,
And singing all in notes high,
"Fie on Venus' flattering eye !

Fie on love, it is a toy ;
Cupid witless and a boy ;
All his fires,
And desires,
Are plagues that God sent down from high,
To pester men with misery."

As thus the virgins did disdain
Lovers' joys and lovers' pain,
Cupid nigh
Did espy,
Grieving at Diana's song,
Slyly stole these maids among.

Robert Greene

His bow of steel, darts of fire,
He shot amongst them sweet desire,
Which straight flies
In their eyes,
And at the entrance made them start,
For it ran from eye to heart.

Calisto straight supposed Jove
Was fair and frolic for to love ;
Dian she
'Scaped not free,
For, well I wot, hereupon
She loved the swain Endymion ;

Clytia, Phœbus ; and Chloris' eye
Thought none so fair as Mercury :
Venus thus
Did discuss
By her son in darts of fire,
None so chaste to check desire.

Dian rose with all her maids,
Blushing thus at love's braids.¹
With sighs, all
Show their thrall ;
And flinging hence pronounce this saw,—
What so strong as love's sweet law ?
(*Ibid.*)

Doralicia's Song

IN time we see the silver drops
The craggy stones make soft ;
The slowest snail in time we see
Doth creep and climb aloft.
With feeble puffs the tallest pine
In tract of time doth fall ;
The hardest heart in time doth yield
To Venus' luring call.

¹ Reproaches, upbraidings.

Robert Greene

Where chilling frost alate did nip
There flasheth now a fire ;
Where deep disdain bred noisome hate
There kindleth now desire.

Time causeth hope to have his hap,—
What care in time not eased ?
In time I loathed that now I love,
In both content and pleased.
(*Arbasto.*)

The Shepherd's Wife's Song

AH, what is love ? It is a pretty thing,
As sweet unto a shepherd as a king ;
And sweeter too,
For kings have cares that wait upon a crown,
And cares can make the sweetest love to frown.

Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

His flocks are folded, he comes home at night,
As merry as a king in his delight ;
And merrier too,

For kings bethink them what the state require,
Where shepherds careless carol by the fire.

Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

He kisseth first, then sits as blithe to eat
His cream and curds, as doth the king his meat ;

And blither too,
For kings have often fears when they do sup,
Where shepherds dread no poison in their cup.

Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

Robert Greene

To bed he goes, as wanton then, I ween,
As is a king in dalliance with a queen ;

More wanton too,
For kings have many griefs affects to move,
Where shepherds have no greater grief than love.

Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound,
As doth the king upon his beds of down ;

More sounder too,
For cares cause kings full oft their sleep to spill,
Where weary shepherds lie and snort their fill.

Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Thus with his wife he spends the year, as blithe
As doth the king at every tide or sithe ;¹

And blither too,
For kings have wars and broils to take in hand,
When shepherds laugh and love upon the land.

Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?
(*Orpharion.*)

Madrigal ¹

CUPID abroad was 'lated in the night ;
His wings were wet with ranging in the rain :
Harbour he sought,—to me he took his flight,
To dry his plumes : I heard the boy complain ;

¹ Time, occasion.

¹ Cf. the Madrigal in *Alcida*, commencing, "Rest thee, Desire, gaze not at such a star," where, with slight variations and the addition of an introductory stanza, the above lines had previously appeared. *Alcida* was published in 1588, *Orpharion* in 1590.

Robert Greene

I oped the door, and granted his desire ;
I rose myself, and made the wag a fire.

Looking more narrow by the fire's flame,
I spied his quiver hanging by his back ;
Doubting the boy might my misfortune frame,
I would have gone, for fear of further wrack :
But what I drad did me—poor wretch—betide,
For forth he drew an arrow from his side.

He pierced the quick, and I began to start,—
A pleasing wound, but that it was too high :
His shaft procured a sharp, yet sugared, smart.
Away he flew,—for why? his wings were dry—
But left the arrow sticking in my breast,
That sore I grieved I welcomed such a guest.
(*Ibid.*)

Philomela's Ode that she sung in her Arbour¹

SITTING by a river's side,
Where a silent stream did glide,
Muse I did of many things
That the mind in quiet brings.
I 'gan think how some men deem
Gold their god ; and some esteem
Honour is the chief content
That to man in life is lent ;
And some others do contend
Quiet none like to a friend ;
Others hold, there is no wealth
Comparèd to a perfect health ;
Some man's mind in quiet stands
When he is lord of many lands :

¹ Cf. the opening couplet of "Isabel's Ode" in *Never Too Late*. (See p. 33.)

Robert Greene

But I did sigh, and said all this
Was but a shade of perfect bliss,
And in my thoughts I did approve
Naught so sweet as is true love.
Love 'twixt lovers passeth these,
When mouth kisseth and heart 'grees;
With folded arms and lips meeting,
Each soul another sweetly greeting;
For by the breath the soul fleeteth,
And soul with soul in kissing meeteth.
If love be so sweet a thing
That such happy bliss doth bring,
Happy is love's sugared thrall;
But unhappy maidens all,
Who esteem your virgin blisses
Sweeter than a wife's sweet kisses.
No such quiet to the mind
As true love with kisses kind;
But if a kiss prove unchaste
Then is true love quite disgraced.
Though love be sweet, learn this of me,
No love sweet but honesty.
(*Philomela.*)

Lamília's Song

FIE, fie, on blind fancy,
It hinders youth's joy;
Fair virgins, learn by me,
To count love a toy.
When Love learned first the A B C of delight,
And knew no figures nor conceited phrase,
He simply gave to due desert her right,
He led not lovers in dark winding ways;
He plainly willed to love, or flatly answered "No!"
But now who lists to prove, shall find it nothing so.
Fie, fie then on fancy,
It hinders youth's joy;
Fair virgins, learn by me
To count love a toy.

Robert Greene

For since he learned to use the poet's pen,
He learned likewise with smoothing words to feign,
Witching chaste ears with trothless tongues of men,
And wrongèd faith with falsehood and disdain.
He gives a promise now, anon he sweareth "No!"
Who listeth for to prove shall find his changing so.

Fie, fie then on fancy,
It hinders youth's joy;
Fair virgins, learn by me
To count love a toy.

(Groatsworth of Wit.)

Sonnet

WHAT meant the poets in invective verse
To sing Medea's shame, and Scylla's pride,
Calypso's charms by which so many died?
Only for this their vices they rehearse:
That curious wits which in the world converse,
May shun the dangers and enticing shows
Of such false sirens, those home-breeding foes
That from their eyes their venom do disperse.
So soon kills not the basilisk with sight;
The vipers tooth is not so venomous;
The adder's tongue not half so dangerous,
As they that bear the shadow of delight,
Who chain blind youths in trammels of their hair,
Till waste brings woe, and sorrow hastes despair.

(Ibid.)

Verses Written in the Poet's Last Illness

DECEIVING world, that with alluring toys
Hast made my life the subject of thy scorn,
And scornest now to lend thy fading joys
T' outlength my life, whom friends have left forlorn,

Robert Greene

How well are they that die ere they be born,
And never see thy slights, which few men shun
Till unawares they helpless are undone !

Oft have I sung of love and of his fire ;
But now I find that poet was advised
Which made full feasts increasers of desire,
And proves weak love was with the poor despised ;
For when the life with food is not sufficed,
What thoughts of love, what motion of delight,
What pleasure can proceed from such a wight ?

Witness my want, the murderer of my wit :
My ravished sense, of wonted fury reft,
Wants such conceit as should in poems fit
Set down the sorrow wherein I am left ;
But therefore have high heavens their gifts bereft,
Because so long they lent them me to use,
And I so long their bounty did abuse.

O that a year were granted me to live,
And for that year my former wits restored !
What rules of life, what counsel would I give,
How should my sin with sorrow be deplored !
But I must die of every man abhorred :
Time loosely spent will not again be won ;
My time is loosely spent, and I undone.
(*Ibid.*)

Thomas Lodge and Robert Greene

Wanton Beauty

BEAUTY, alas ! where wast thou born,
Thus to hold thyself in scorn ?
Whenas Beauty kissed to woo thee,
Thou by Beauty dost undo me :
Heigh ho, despise me not.

I and thou in sooth are one,
Fairer thou, I fairer none :
Wanton thou, and wilt thou, wanton,
Yield a cruel heart to plant on ?
Do me right, and do me reason ;
Cruelty is cursèd treason :
Heigh ho, I love, heigh ho, I love ;
Heigh ho, and yet he eyes me not.
*(A Looking-Glass for London
and England.)*

Samuel Daniel

The Golden Age

A Pastoral

O HAPPY Golden Age,
Not for that rivers ran
With streams of milk, and honey dropped from trees ;
Not that the earth did gage
Unto the husbandman
Her voluntary fruits, free without fees ;
Not for no cold did freeze,
Nor any cloud beguile
Th' eternal flowering Spring,
Wherein lived every thing,
And whereon th' heavens perpetually did smile ;
Not for no ship had brought,
From foreign shores, or wars or wares ill sought.

But only for that name,
That idle name of wind,
That idol of deceit, that empty sound
Called HONOUR, which became
The tyrant of the mind,
And so torments our Nature without ground,
Was not yet vainly found ;
Nor yet sad griefs imparts
Amidst the sweet delights
Of joyful amorous wights.
Nor were his hard laws known to free-born hearts,
But golden laws like these
Which Nature wrote : *That's lawful which doth
please.*

Samuel Daniel

Then amongst flowers and springs,
Making delightful sport,
Sate lovers without conflict, without flame ;
And nymphs and shepherds sings,
Mixing in wanton sort
Whisp'rings with songs, then kisses with the same,
Which from affection came.
The naked virgin then
Her roses fresh reveals,
Which now her veil conceals,
The tender apples in her bosom seen ;
And oft in rivers clear
The lovers with their loves consorting were.

HONOUR, thou first didst close
The spring of all delight ;
Denying water to the amorous thirst
Thou taught'st fair eyes to lose
The glory of their light,
Restrained from men, and on themselves reversed.
Thou in a lawn didst first
Those golden hairs encase
Late spread unto the wind.
Thou mad'st loose grace unkind,
Gav'st bridle to their words, art to their pace.
O Honour ! it is thou
That mak'st that stealth, which Love doth free allow.

It is thy work that brings
Our griefs and torments thus.
But thou, fierce Lord of Nature and of Love,
The qualifier of Kings,
What dost thou here with us
That are below thy power, shut from above ?
Go, and from us remove ;
Trouble the mighty's sleep :
Let us, neglected, base,
Live still without thy grace,
And th' use of th' ancient happy ages keep :
Let's love : this life of ours
Can make no truce with Time that all devours.

Samuel Daniel

Let's love : the sun doth set and rise again ;
But whenas our short light
Comes once to set, it makes eternal night.

Shadows

ARE they shadows that we see ?
And can shadows pleasure give ?
Pleasures only shadows be,
Cast by bodies we conceive,
And are made the things we deem
In those figures which they seem.

But these pleasures vanish fast
Which by shadows are expressed :
Pleasures are not, if they last,—
In their passing is their best :
Glory is most bright and gay
In a flash, and so away.

Feed apace, then, greedy eyes,
On the wonder you behold ;
Take it sudden as it flies,
Though you take it not to hold :
When your eyes have done their part,
Thought must length it in the heart.
(Tethys' Festival.)

Early Love

AH, I remember well—and how can I
But evermore remember well?—when first
Our flame began, when scarce we knew what was
The flame we felt ; when as we sat and sighed
And looked upon each other, and conceived
Not what we ailed, yet something we did ail,

Samuel Daniel

And yet were well, and yet we were not well,
And what was our disease we could not tell.
Then would we kiss, then sigh, then look : and thus
In that first garden of our simpleness
We spent our childhood. But when years began
To reap the fruit of knowledge, ah, how then
Would she with sterner looks, with graver brow,
Check my presumption and my forwardness !
Yet still would give me flowers, still would show
What she would have me, yet not have me, know.
(*Hymen's Triumph*, Act I., Sc. i., ll. 83-98.)

Song

HAD Sorrow ever fitter place
To act his part,
Than is my heart,
Where it takes up all the space—
Where is no vein
To entertain
A thought that wears another face ?

Nor will I sorrow ever have,
Therein to be
But only thee,
To whom I full possession gave :
Thou in thy name
Must hold the same
Until thou bring it to the grave.
(*Hymen's Triumph*, Act I., Sc. i.)

Love's Torment

LOVE is a sickness full of woes,
All remedies refusing ;
A plant that with most cutting grows,
Most barren with best using.

Samuel Daniel

Why so?
More we enjoy it, more it dies ;
If not enjoyed, it sighing cries,
Heigh ho !

Love is a torment of the mind,
A tempest everlasting ;
And Jove hath made it of a kind
Not well, nor full, nor fasting.

Why so?
More we enjoy it, more it dies ;
If not enjoyed, it sighing cries,
Heigh ho !
(*Hymen's Triumph*, Act I., Sc. v.)

Love's Secrecy

EYES, hide my love, and do not show
To any but to her my notes,
Who only doth that cipher know
Wherewith we pass our secret thoughts :
Belie your looks in others' sight,
And wrong yourselves to do her right.
(*Hymen's Triumph*, Act IV., Sc. ii.)

Ulysses and the Siren

Siren

COME, worthy Greek ! Ulysses, come ;
Possess these shores with me !
The winds and seas are troublesome,
And here we may be free.
Here may we sit and view their toil
That travail on the deep,
And joy the day in mirth the while,
And spend the night in sleep.

Samuel Daniel

Ulysses

Fair nymph, if fame or honour were
To be attained with ease,
Then would I come and rest with thee
And leave such toils as these.

But here it dwells, and here must I
With danger seek it forth :
To spend the time luxuriously
Becomes not men of worth.

Siren

Ulysses, O be not deceived
With that unreal name ;
This honour is a thing conceiv'd
And rests on others' fame ;

Begotten only to molest
Our peace, and to beguile
The best thing of our life—our rest,
And give us up to toil.

Ulysses

Delicious Nymph, suppose there were
Nor honour, nor report,
Yet manliness would scorn to wear
The time in idle sport.

For toil doth give a better touch
To make us feel our joy,
And ease finds tediousness as much
As labour yields annoy.

Siren

Then pleasure likewise seems the shore
Whereto tends all our toil,
Which you forego to make it more,
And perish oft the while.

Who may disport them diversely
Find never tedious day,
And ease may have variety
As well as action may.

Samuel Daniel

Ulysses

But natures of the noblest frame,
These toils and dangers please,
And they take comfort in the same
As much as you in ease ;
And with the thought of actions past
Are recreated still,
When Pleasure leaves a touch at last,
To show that it was ill.

Siren

That doth *Opinion* only cause
That's out of *Custom* bred,
Which makes us many other laws
Than ever *Nature* did.
No widows wail for our delights,
Our sports are without blood ;
The world, we see, by warlike wights
Receives more hurt than good.

Ulysses

But yet the state of things require
These motions of unrest ;
And these great spirits of high desire
Seem born to turn them best :
To purge the mischiefs that increase,
And all good order mar,
For oft we see a wicked peace
To be well changed for war.

Siren

Well, well, Ulysses, then I see
I shall not have thee here ;
And therefore I will come to thee
And take my fortune there.
I must be won that cannot win,
Yet lost were I not won ;
For beauty hath created been
To undo, or be undone.

Samuel Daniel

Sonnets to Delia¹

(I)

UNTO the boundless ocean of thy beauty ^
Runs this poor river, charged with streams of zeal, ^
Returning thee the tribute of my duty, ^
Which here my love, my youth, my plaints reveal. ^
Here I unclasp the book of my charged soul, ^
Where I have cast th' accounts of all my care ;
Here have I summed my sighs ; here I enroll ^
How they were spent for thee ;—look what they
are.

Look on the dear expenses of my youth,
And see how just I reckon with thine eyes ;
Examine well thy beauty with my truth,
And cross my cares, ere greater sums arise :
Read it, sweet maid, though it be done but slightly ;
Who can show all his love, doth love but lightly.

(VI)

Fair is my Love, and cruel as she's fair ;
Her brow shades frowns although her eyes are
sunny ;
Her smiles are lightning, though her pride despair ;
And her disdains are gall, her favours honey :
A modest maid, deck'd with a blush of honour,
Whose feet do tread green paths of youth and love ;
The wonder of all eyes that look upon her,
Sacred on earth, design'd a Saint above.
Chastity and Beauty, which were deadly foes
Live reconcilèd friends within her brow ;
And had she pity to conjoin with those,
Then who had heard the plaints I utter now ?
For had she not been fair, and thus unkind,
My Muse had slept, and none had known my mind.

¹ Numbered here as in the 1594 Edition—the poet's final revision.

Samuel Daniel

(XIX)

Restore thy tresses to the golden ore ;
Yield Cytherea's son those arcs of love ;
Bequeath the heavens the stars that I adore,
And to the orient do thy pearls remove ;
Yield thy hands' pride unto the ivory white ;
To Arabian odours give thy breathing sweet ;
Restore thy blush unto Aurora bright ;
To Thetis give the honour of thy feet ;
Let Venus have thy graces her resigned,
And thy sweet voice give back unto the spheres ;
But yet restore thy fierce and cruel mind
To Hyrean tigers and to ruthless bears ;
Yield to the marble thy hard heart again :
So shalt thou cease to plague, and I to pain.

(XXXIV)

Look, Delia, how we 'steem the half-blown rose,
(The image of thy blush and summer's honour)
Whilst yet her tender bud doth undisclose
That full of beauty Time bestows upon her.
No sooner spreads her glory in the air,
But straight her wide-blown pomp comes to decline ;
She then is scorned that late adorned the fair.
So fade the roses of those cheeks of thine ;
No April can revive thy withered flowers,
Whose springing grace adorns thy glory now :
Swift speedy Time, feathered with flying hours,
Dissolves the beauty of the fairest brow.
Then do not thou such treasure waste in vain,
But love whilst that thou may'st be loved again.

(XXXV)

But love while that thou may'st be loved again !
Now whilst thy May hath filled thy lap with flow'rs ;
Now whilst thy beauty bears without a stain ;
Now use the summer smiles ere winter low'rs.
And whilst thou spread'st unto the rising sun
The fairest flower that ever saw the light,

Samuel Daniel

Now 'joy thy time before thy sweet be done ;
And, Delia, think thy morning must have night,
And that thy brightness sets at length to west
When thou wilt close up that which now thou show'st ;
And think the same becomes thy fading best,
Which then shall most enveil and shadow most.
Men do not weigh the stalk for that it was,
When once they find her flow'r, her glory, pass.

(XLV)

T Beauty, sweet Love, is like the morning dew,
Whose short refresh upon the tender green
Cheers for a time—but till the sun doth shew—
And straight 'tis gone as it had never been.
Soon doth it fade that makes the fairest flourish ;
Short is the glory of the blushing rose :
The hue which thou so carefully dost nourish,
Yet which at length thou must be forced to lose.
When thou, surcharged with burthen of thy years,
Shalt bend thy wrinkles homeward to the earth,
And that, in Beauty's lease expired, appears
The Date of Age, the Kalends of our Death,—
But ah, no more !—this must not be foretold ;
For women grieve to think they must be old.

(XLVI)

I must not grieve my Love, whose eyes would read
Lines of delight, whereon her youth might smile ;
Flowers have a time before they come to seed,
And she is young, and now must sport the while.
And sport, sweet Maid, in season of these years,
And learn to gather flowers before they wither ;
And where the sweetest blossom first appears
Let Love and Youth conduct thy pleasures thither.
Lighten forth smiles to clear the clouded air
And calm the tempest which my sighs do raise :
Pity and smiles do best become the fair ;
Pity and smiles must only yield thee praise.
Make me to say, when all my griefs are gone,
Happy the heart that sighed for such a one.

Samuel Daniel

(XLIX)

Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night,
Brother to Death,¹ in silent darkness born,
Relieve my languish, and restore the light ;
With dark forgetting of my care, return,
And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill-adventured youth :
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
Without the torment of the night's untruth.
Cease, Dreams, the images of day-desires,
To model forth the passions of the morrow ;
Never let rising sun approve you liars,
To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow :
Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

(L)

Let others sing of Knights and Paladines
In aged accents and untimely words ;
Paint shadows in imaginary lines
Which well the reach of their high wits records :
But I must sing of thee, and those fair eyes
Authentic shall my verse in time to come ;
When yet th' unborn shall say, *Lo, where she lies*
Whose beauty made him speak that else was dumb.
These are the arks, the trophies I erect,
That fortify thy name against old age ;
And these thy sacred virtues must protect
Against the dark, and Time's consuming rage.
Though th' error of my youth in them appear,
Suffice they shew I lived, and loved thee dear.

Cf. J. Fletcher's

"Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes,
Brother to Death . . ."

(*Valentinian*, V. ii.)

Samuel Daniel

Spring Song¹

Now each creature joys the other,
Passing happy days and hours ;
One bird reports unto another
In the fall of silver showers ;
Whilst the earth, our common mother,
Hath her bosom decked with flowers.

Whilst the greatest torch of heaven
With bright rays warms Flora's lap,
Making nights and days both even,
Cheering plants with fresher sap,
My field of flowers, quite bereaven,
Wants refresh of better hap.

Echo, daughter of the air,
Babbling guest of rocks and hills,
Knows the name of my fierce fair,
And sounds the accents of my ills :
Each thing pities my despair,
Whilst that she her lover kills.

Whilst that she—O cruel maid !—
Doth me and my true love despise,
My life's flourish is decayed,
That depended on her eyes :
But her will must be obeyed,
And well he ends for love who dies.

¹ Appended to *Delia* (1592).

Samuel Daniel

Epistle to the Lady
Margaret

Countess of Cumberland ¹

HE that of such a height hath built his mind,
And rear'd the dwelling of his thoughts so strong,
As neither fear nor hope can shake the frame
Of his resolvèd powers, nor all the wind
Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong
His settled peace, or to disturb the same ;—
What a fair seat hath he, from whence he may -
The boundless wastes and wilds of man survey !

And with how free an eye doth he look down
Upon these lower regions of turmoil,
Where all the storms of passions mainly beat
On flesh and blood ; where honour, power, renown,
Are only gay afflictions, golden toil ;
Where greatness stands upon as feeble feet
As frailty doth, and only great doth seem
To little minds, who do it so esteem.

He looks upon the mightiest monarchs' wars
But only as on stately robberies,
Where evermore the fortune that prevails
Must be the right : the ill-succeeding mars
The fairest and the best-faced enterprize.
Great pirate Pompey lesser pirates quails :
Justice, he sees (as if seduced), still
Conspires with power, whose cause must not be ill.

He sees the face of Right t' appear as manifold
As are the passions of uncertain man,
Who puts it in all colours, all attires,
To serve his ends, and make his courses hold.

¹ "A picture of a wise man's mind in a time of public commotion."—WORDSWORTH.

Samuel Daniel

He sees, that let deceit work what it can,
Plot and contrive base ways to high desires,
That the all-guiding Providence doth yet
All disappoint, and mocks this smoke of wit.

Nor is he moved with all the thunder-cracks
Of tyrants' threats, or with the surly brow
Of power, that proudly sits on others' crimes,
Charged with more crying sins than those he checks.
The storms of sad confusion, that may grow
Up in the present for the coming times,
Appal not him that hath no side at all,
But of himself, and knows the worst can fall.

Although his heart, so near allied to earth,
Cannot but pity the perplexèd state
Of troublous and distress'd mortality,
That thus make way unto the ugly birth
Of their own sorrows, and do still beget
Affliction upon imbecility ;
Yet, seeing thus the course of things must run,
He looks thereon not strange, but as fore-done.

And whilst distraught Ambition compasses
And is encompassed ; whilst as Craft deceives
And is deceived ; whilst man doth ransack man,
And builds on blood, and rises by distress ;
And th' inheritance of desolation leaves
To great-expecting hopes ; he looks thereon,
As from the shore of peace, with unwet eye,
And bears no venture in impiety.

Thus, Madam, fares the man that hath prepared
A rest for his desires, and sees all things
Beneath him, and hath learned this book of man,
Full of the notes of frailty, and compared
The best of glory with her sufferings ;
By whom, I see, you labour all you can
To plant your heart, and set your thoughts as near
His glorious mansion, as your powers can bear,

Samuel Daniel

Which, Madam, are so soundly fashioned
By that clear judgment, that hath carried you
Beyond the feeble limits of your kind,
As they can stand against the strongest head
Passion can make ; inured to any hue
The world can cast ; that cannot cast that mind
Out of her form of goodness, that doth see
Both what the best and worst of earth can be ;

Which makes that, whatsoever here befalls,
You in the region of yourself remain ;
Where no vain breath of th' impudent molests,
That lieth secured within the brazen walls
Of a clear conscience that without all stain
Rises in peace, in innocency rests ;
Whilst all what Malice from without procures,
Shows her own ugly heart, but hurts not yours.

And whereas none rejoice more in revenge
Than women use to do, yet you well know
That wrong is better checked by being contemned
Than being pursued ; leaving to him t' avenge
To whom it appertains ; wherein you show
How worthily your clearness hath condemned
Base Malediction, living in the dark,
That at the rays of goodness still doth bark ;

Knowing the heart of man is set to be
The centre of his world, about the which
These revolutions of disturbances
Still roll ; where all th' aspects of misery
Predominate ; whose strong effects are such
As he must bear, being pow'rless to redress ;
And that unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man ;

And how turmoiled they are that level lie
With earth, and cannot lift themselves from thence ;
That never are at peace with their desires,
But work beyond their years, and ev'n deny

Samuel Daniel

Dotage her rest, and hardly will dispense
With death ; that when Ability expires,
Desire lives still, so much delight they have
To carry toil and travail to the grave ;

Whose ends you see, and what can be the best
They reach unto, when they have cast the sum
And reck'nings of their glory ; and you know,
This floating life hath but this port of rest,—
A heart prepared that fears no ill to come ;
And that man's greatness rests but in his show,
The best of all whose days consumed are,
Either in war, or peace conceiving war.

This concord, Madam, of a well-tuned mind
Hath been so set by that all-working hand
Of Heaven, that, though the World hath done his worst
To put it out, by discords most unkind,
Yet doth it still in perfect union stand
With God and man ; nor ever will be forced
From that most sweet accord, but still agree,
Equal in Fortune's inequality.

And this note, Madam, of your worthiness
Remains recorded in so many hearts,
As time nor malice cannot wrong your right
In th' inheritance of fame you must possess,—
You that have built you by your great deserts,
Out of small means, a far more exquisite
And glorious dwelling for your honoured name,
Than all the gold of leaden minds can frame.

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